The Centre Reporter.

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TRAGEDY AT WOODWARD

Constable Barner Brutally Murdered While in Performance of His Sworn Duty.

THE MURDERER FORTIFIES HIS HOME

The Sheriff and Posse Fire the House After Being Held at Bay for Over Twenty-four Hours.

THE MURDERER, ETTLINGER, COMMITS SUICIDE

Wm. Ettlinger Kills the Officer Who Tries to Arrest Him.—With Dynamite, Guns and Revolvers, Refused to Surrender.—The House Riddled with Bullets.—Many Wounded by the Desperado.—Cuts the Constable's Throat.

Woodward is a pretty village of about thirty neat and cozy homes on the pike leading from Centre Hall to Lewisburg, at the west entrance to the Penns valley Narrows. Its people are mostly retired farmers, and respectable. It contains two churches, several stores, hotel, grist mill, saw-mill and some mechanics. The country around is the best and surest agricultural district in our county, and it has a romantic mountain scenery; its people are intelligent; warm hearted hospitality is one of their characteristics, and among them is to be found some of that good old stock of whom it is said, their word is as good as their bond, and their is no section anywhere where a man's life and purse are in greater safety.

Here took place the awful tragedy of Thursday and Friday, March 5th and 6th, in which a desperado and his wife held at bay, for two days an armed crowd of from 1000 to 2000 men, from their fortified home, supplied with Winchester rifles, revolvers and dynamite, to resist arrest and attack upon their domicile, by the officers of the law, and which resulted in the death of one constable, seriously wounding of several other men, the burning of the desperado's fine home, and the blowing out his own brains as the fiery elements forced him to desert his castle, rather than surrender to Sheriff Condo and his posse.

WILLIAM ETTLINGER, The Desperado.

In this community the outlaw, William Ettlinger was born, and had his home all his life time, save an occasional absence. His father was Soloman Ettlinger, well-known in the eastern end of this valley, of Jewish extraction, and who committed suicide several years ago when at Potters Mills, on his way home to Woodward, by sending a ball into his head, lingering several weeks, before death came. He was engaged in the purchase of produce, and for this purpose was much from home with his team, traveling through the lower townships. His temper was not a violent one, though his disposition was far from being as amiable as that of the people of the community in which Soloman Ettlinger had lived his life-time.

William Ettlinger, the principal actor in last weeks' awful tragedy, was a man of about thirty-eight years of age. He was tall, of fine proportions, and quite handsome in appearance, but long the terror of that peaceable community. He had a natural gift of mechanics and a skilled artizan, although he worked much on lumber jobs. Persons who had him in employ, and had no difficulties with him tell us William was obliging, industrious, and valuable as a help wherever he was put to, but when anything was done to arouse his anger he was fearfully revengeful. He was not any too kind in his treatment of his first and second wife. The first wife, nee Ella Fleisher, daughter of Rev. Fleisher, of the Evangelical church, died about eleven years ago—she had born him no children. She was an adopted daughter of Michael Fiedler, now of Millheim, and was a young woman, well-raised and with more than ordinary accomplishments.

The present Mrs. Etlinger was a daughter of Benjamin Benner, of near Woodward, married to Mr. Etlinger about six years ago, and bore him two children, a daughter aged five years, and a son aged about two years —this family, father, wife, and two children were barricaded in their house for twenty-four hours of awful experience, with bullets constantly whizzing through the doors and windows, from the guns of over a thousand citizens who were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement because constable John Barner had been murdered by the outlaw, in the discharge of his duty.

Some time last summer an altercation arose between William Ettlinger and his father-in-law, Benjamin Benner, in which Mr. Benner received a good pounding. He had Mr. Ettlinger arrested on a charge of assault and battery and bound over for his appearance at court, Isaac Orndorf and Daniel Engle being his securities on his recognizance. He however failed to appear at court as commanded, and his bondsmen had a bench warrant issued by Judge Love for his arrest; said warrant was placed into the hands of constable Ed. Mingle of Aaronsburg for execution, but for some reasons Mr. Mingle failed to execute it. Ever since then Ettlinger has been a fugitive from justice, staying in the mountains and with friends in the vicinity, and occasionally going home to look after the wants of his family. He was occasionally seen by various parties and was always heavily armed, carrying a Winchester, revolver, and a large bowie knife. He often threatened to shoot any man who attempted his arrest. In this manner he terrorized the whole neighborhood, and was a constant menace to all people who lived in that quiet community.

At the February election John Barner, who lives about one-fourth mile north of Woodward, was elected constable of Haines township. After his nomination he declared if he was elected he would arrest Ettlinger or die in the attempt. He was duly sworn into office at Bellefonte, on the 2nd day of March, the Monday previous, and again made this declaration to the sheriff. The sheriff cautioned him to use every precaution in making the attempt at arrest, knowing the desperate character he had to deal with. The bench warrant was then placed in his hands for execution.

On Thursday afternoon about two o'clock, Barner hearing that Ettlinger was seen prowling about his home, he, in company with John Hosterman and C. D. Motz went to Ettlinger's house, and found the door locked; upon asking Mrs. Ettlinger to open it she refused to do so; he then took a sledge and battered the door in. Not finding any of the inmates down stairs he went to the stair door and again demanded admission; she again refused to open the door, saying that if he would come up stairs he would be shot into fragments.

Ettlinger 15 Seconds After Firing His Last Shot.

Being undaunted by these threats and firmly resolved to secure his man at all hazards, the constable broke in a panel of the stair door, which had been barred previously by Ettlinger. He attempted to crawl in through the opening of the door, and had got partly through the panel with his body, when two shots were fired from the head of the stairs, and Barner was seen to sink down with a groan, by his deputies, and never uttered another word.

His companions attempted to pull him out of the opening in the door but he got fast and they retreated without him and called for more help.

John Brumgard across the street, heard the call and in attempting to cross the road, was shot at by Ettlinger from an upstairs window, the ball grazing the one side of his head. By that time the two men in the house decided to retreat, deeming it unsafe to remain longer.

After the assault on the constable, Ettlinger began to fire promiscuously at any person he saw walking near his premises.

Across the street from his house lives Frank Geisewite. He was standing at his window looking in the direction of Ettlinger's when without any provocation Ettlinger fired at him with a load of buckshot, two of the buckshot taking effect, one striking him on the shoulder, and the other hitting him on the forehead making an ugly scalp wound but not penetrating the skull. Mr. Guisewite's one arm is paralyzed from the wound in the shoulder, but the attending physician thinks he will recover.

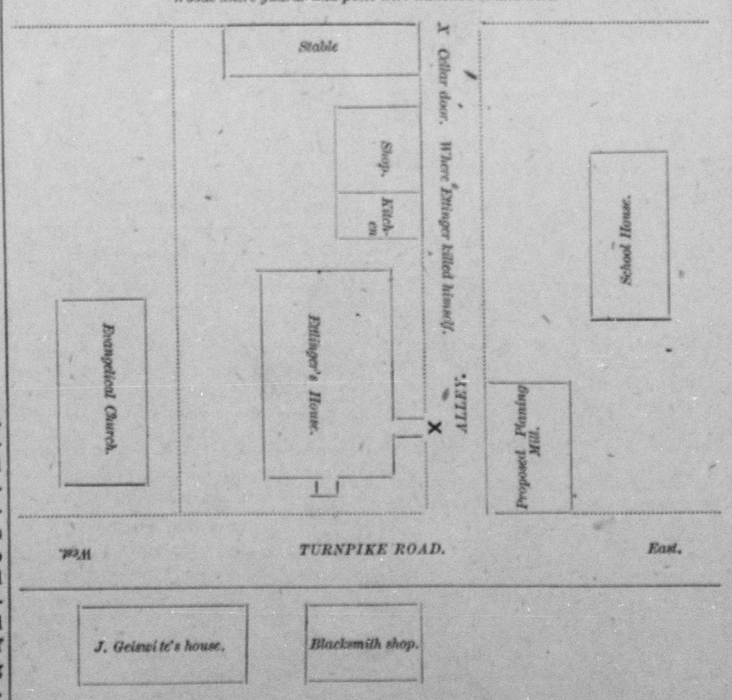
At recess a number of the children were standing at a window of the school house which is about fifty feet away from Ettlinger's house, and were looking in the direction of said house, when he deliberately shot a load of buckshot into the window where they were standing, smashing many of the panes, but fortunately not hitting any of the children. Several other persons were shot at while walking the streets, making narrow escapes.

One of his bondsmen, Isaac Orndorf, he covered with his breechloader while he was riding past his house, and fired several shots after him, but he missed his mark and Mr. Orndorf made his escape.

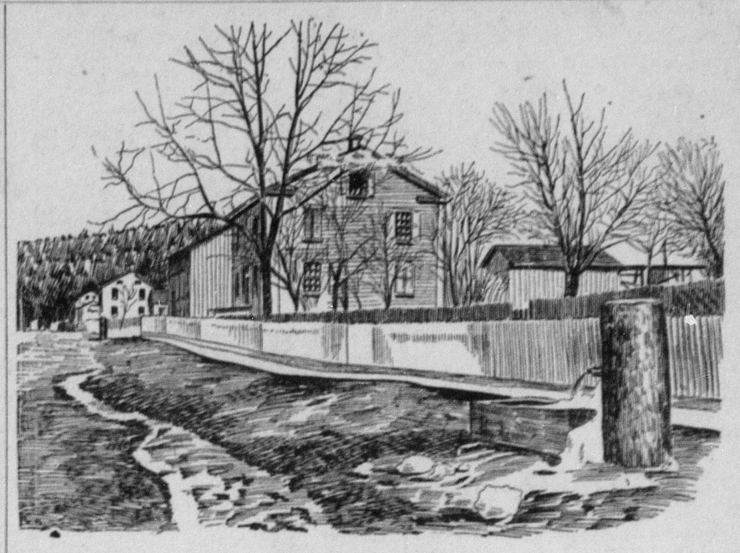
The citizens by this time became thoroughly aroused and alarmed and sent word to the surrounding country for men and arms and telegraphed to Bellefonte for the assistance of the sheriff, determined not to let Ettlinger make his escape to the mountains as on former occasions. They stationed guards with trusty Winchesters at convenient places, who kept a constant fusillade upon the house all of Thursday night breaking window panes and shattering the house as if it were undergoing a regular siege.

Sheriff Condo with about a dozen deputies from Bellefonte, arrived upon the scene about nine o'clock. They came on a special train to Coburn and then to Woodward by private conveyance. After viewing the situation the sheriff decided to wait until morning to make the arrest, instructing the guards to keep a close watch on the house, so that the desperado might not make his escape.

The morning dawned bright and resplendent; everything was quiet within the Ettlinger house; everything without was tumult; the firing on the house was incessant; crowds were gathering from all directions; everybody was planning how best to capture the probable murderer. Nothing had been heard or seen of Barner since the day before when he had entered this ill-fated house to meet his untimely death. Fears were entertained by many that Ettlinger had either escaped, or had first killed his wife and children and then committed suicide. The people were very uneasy and restless. Few women ventured outside their doors, men were gathered in knots and discussed the situation; all dwellings in that part of the town within range had been deserted by the families.



The sheriff and his deputies and a number of volunteers, all armed with repeating rifles, or revolvers, sallied forth from behind a house and were about to make an assault upon the front of the house and take Ettlinger by storm. To their surprise two loud reports in rapid succession came from an upper window of his house, and the leaden balls came whizzing past their heads. They fired several volleys in the direction from which the others came and retreated. All valor had been taken out of the attacking party.



The Ettlinger Residence.

It was then known that the tiger was yet in his lair, and that he was a lively tiger at that.

Many theories were advanced how to capture this man, who singlehanded was successfully keeping at bay a thousand men. To make a rush would be at the peril of losing precious lives. The guards kept up the firing at the house, and this was often answered by Ettlinger firing in return when he saw an opportunity that his shots would tell. He came very near shooting several guards, the balls either passing through their clothing, or making slight wounds.

To capture the desperado did not seem an easy matter. To starve him out would take several weeks, and to fire the house would endanger the lives of the little children. Shortly before noon it was decided by sheriff Condo and his posse, to burn the house. One of the deputies, James Cornelly, of Bellefonte, got a bucket of oil, and making some cotton balls, threw the burning oil-soaked balls over the roof of the little machine shop at the rear

Constable Barner.

of the house, to the roof of the house containing Ettlinger and his family. The fire balls did not lodge, but rolled off the roof to the ground, far enough away not to communicate with the house. During this attempt at firing the house the guards kept up a heavy fusillade from their repeaters from all sides. The house could not be set on fire by the cotton balls, and then the little shop was thoroughly saturated with oil and the match put to it. Soon the building was in flames, and the fire communicated to the roof of the fortress. Ettlinger was in the cellar at this time and had evidently not seen Cornelly firing the shop. There was no window in the rear of the cellar.

The flames soon gained headway, and communicated to the house, where Ettlinger had so long defied the officers. The flames shot up high in the air and a deafening shout went up from the vast crowd of excited men. When the wretch saw that his chances of escape were now so limited he commanded his wife to set the children free.

When the roof was all ablaze the cellar door facing the alley was slowly opened. There was a cessation of firing by the guards, awaiting further developments. The two little children were pushed out in the yard by Mrs. Ettlinger and willing hands rushed forward to take them to a place of safety. Mrs. Ettlinger returned to the cellar, and in a few minutes again appeared and came out and sat upon the cellar door. A perfect storm of bullets whizzed by her head, and her escape from death at this critical moment was nothing short of miraculous. The sentiment of the crowd being strong against her, and careful aim was taken at the woman, but the shots went wide of the intended mark. While she was sitting on the door Ettlinger was seen, but only the top of his head was exposed to the fire of the guards. The desperado and wife were holding a conversation, and she appeared to the crowd to be earnestly entreating him to come out and give himself up. Mrs. Ettlinger finally made a break for liberty and ran to the right in the alley. Ettlinger fired two or three shots at her from his rifle, but the direction she took would have caused him to expose the greater part of his body in taking careful aim at the fleeing woman. In the middle of the alley the woman fell, she could scarcely walk and it was seen that her limbs had been bound in some manner. The crowd yelled, "shoot the witch," and several shots were fired at her as she lay in the road. Cooler heads prevailed in the crowd and the woman was assisted away.

Across the alley was a building standing on the corner of the lot. This was used by Ettlinger for storing lumber. At the corner of this building, within twenty feet of the cellar door stood Al. Garman, Samuel Miller, of Bellefonte, and several others. A conversation was held wiih Ettlinger, and he recognized some of them. He was asked to come out and give himself up being guaranteed protection from the mob if he would do so.

Ettlinger said he would be killed if he gave himself up, and the parley lasted several minutes. Ettlinger

Ettlinger's Children.

A snap shot taken right after being put out of the cellar.

at this time showed no disposition to shoot any one, and could have easily done so, as several men were fully exposed, and within close range.

While the parley lasted he was told that all they wanted was the body of the constable and his surrender. Ettlinger threw his three-barreled gun out of the cellar into the alley and told the men that it was to be given to his children. A few minutes later Ettlinger walked up the cellar steps and took two steps out in the alley, just outside of the yard fence. When coming up the steps he had his right arm raised above his head, in his left hand which hung down, he carried his large self-acting five chambered 38 calibre revolver. He stood for a few seconds in the alley fully exposed to the fire of the vigilant guards. The fire from them had ceased, and it was supposed that he would give himself up.

One of the guards in the woods above took careful aim at the fiend and drew a bead on Ettlinger's head. The ball made the hair jump on top of his head, cutting a swath through his hair, and was close enough to cause the desperado to dodge. At this he said, "None of you will have the satisfaction of killing me," and with his left hand raised the revolver and fired into his head. The ball entered the brain about two inches back and above the left ear.

Continued on Page 4.

Ettlinger's Wife.

Taken as she was escaping from her husband.

ABOUT THE BOERS.

THE PIONEERS OF CIVILIZATION IN AFRICA.

Why They Hate the English So Intensely---How They Punish Intemperance---Ideal of Womanly Beauty.

To those who have not lived among the Boers it is almost impossible to form any idea of the real state of things in the Transvaal, or to understand the thousand and one petty annoyances which infest the daily life of the English under the Boer rule. A Boer hates nothing under the sun worse than an Englishman. I say Englishman, for a woman, be she English or of any other race, is treated with kindness and consideration by the roughest Boer to be found in the wide of the Transvaal.

This hatred is the heritage of every Boer since the days of the first English invasion, two centuries ago, when General Craig was appointed the first governor of the Cape. A century previous to this, the French refugees, or Huguenots, emigrated to the Cape, and to this blending of the Dutch and French race we owe the Boer of to-day. The patriarchial spirit which dwelt in the old French refugees and built its code and manner of living on the Bible still lives in their descendants. It has made them the scouts or pioneers of civilization in Africa, this desire to live a simple pastoral existence. For two centuries they have ben flying from the English rule, since English rule meant wealth and advancement; but the English are ever at their heels, and hence the Boer's hatred of his would-be conquerer and leader into a richer, fuller life.

When at last the Boer emigrant found the goal of his hopes in the wild untrodden region of the Transvaal he believed himself forever free, and settled down under the benign sway of old Andries Pretorius, to rear for himself a state after his own heart, but, alas! the irony of fate overtook him, and the poor Boer awoke one morning to find his country turned into a land of gold and diamonds, the English again at his farm gates, ready to enrich him and the whole world by their enterprise in the gold and diamond fields.

This time the Boer hearkened more readily, for the reign of the Pretoriuses father and son, had rendered the emigrant farmers more susceptible to the advances of civilization, and taught them the worth of money as well as the value of their land aside from its farming and sheep-rearing industries. It is needless to go into details, which have become matters of history now; suffice it to say that when Mr. Gladstone practically sacrificed English interests in the Transvaal, the republic was proclaimed, with Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius as a triumvirate. Pretoria was made the capital. Things were going very badly for the Boers; in fact, the financial state of the little republic was at a very low ebb indeed, when, at this critical moment gold was discovered at South Kaap. The first reef was Sheba Reef, and in a trice a town sprang up—the beautiful town of Barberton. This was the first of the famous gold-reef towns, and the new order of things put new blood into the tottering fortunes of the young republic. But soon gold was discovered on the Witwatersrand, which was then thrown open as a public gold field, in which every one and any one had a right, provided they pegged out their claims and paid the taxes demanded by the Volksraad. This brings us to Johannesburg, which was, from a camp of a few struggling tents and shanties, quickly converted into a town and then to a city of such marvelous growth that it may well be called one of the wonders of the world.

In this rapid development, the Boers speedily made it "hot" for the English, who had built up the gold fortunes of the town, to say nothing of the whole Rand. In fact, the Englishman soon found that the Boers considered him little better than the Kafirs, and here I will give a strong illustration of this, that has its ludricous side also.

One day the "camp" was horrified to hear of the flogging of a white man for drunkenness. The sensation was to put it mildly, tremendous. No protestations could prevail on the Landdrost to change the law—an old one, strictly enforced, as the Boers are great advocates of temperance. The consternation can be more easily imagined than described of the desperate ne'er-do-wells who swarmed to the camp in search of a fortune. To be deprived of their whisky through fear of the lash! It was a terrible state of affairs, and filled the respectable portion of the community with secret amusement. Nevertheless, it soon became a great evil and degradation to the white man, English or otherwise, to be brought to the level of the Kafir through the medium of the whip.

Another system of curious practice was that known as "jumping," viz., stealing another's claims, which consisted in paying up overdue taxes unknown to the original owners of the gold claims, and taking possession of the ground "right under their noses," so to speak.

Aside from all political and financial questions, the Boer is not a bad neighbor, neither is he an uninteresting friend or companion. He has a certain wit and sense of humor of his own, which may be not quite clear to the stranger at the first blush, but is exceedingly droll on a closer acquaintance. He is gallant likewise, the fair sex has an abiding charm for him, albeit his ideal of beauty is not exactly on a parallel with ours. A fine, healthy, plump vrou is to him as attractive as the grace and delicacy so necessary to attractiveness in a woman according to the English taste. With the Boer the substantial is a great quality, be it in his woman or his live stock, from a fine sheep to the horse.

The Boer has many virtues, not the least of which is that of temperance, and no doubt to this the Boer owes his splendid health and fine appearance together with that clear-headedness which has stood him such good service in the many exciting wars through which his country has passed recently. One of the most fatal things in a climate like the Transvaal is the tendencyto "booze" too much. That, together with bad food and lack of sanitation, "killed off" more Englishmen in the early days of the Rand than any privation or hard work endured by the digger and prospector of those times.

A last word for the Boer women, who are a kindly, hospitalble class, albeit a trifle stupid to the average European. They have all our love of fashion and predilection for shopping, as the fine shops of Johannesburg prove. —St. Paul's Magazine.

OBSTINACY OF LLAMAS.

Mules Are Vacillating Compared With These Stubborn Brutes.

The boy called, "Un-pa!" to the llamas, lifting his finger as if to point up the trail. Ordinarily they would have obeyed; but the aggressive manner of Barton had roused their obstinacy, and they did not budge. The boy put his shoulder to the ribs of one, and heaved hard; but the brute stood its ground.

"Well, it is to wait!" said he; and ran about the path, gathering up very small pebbles until his shabby hat was full. Then he sat down on a boulder that jutted from the back, settling himself as if for a long rest. Then he threw a mild and measured pebble at each llama. They turned their heads a little and wrinkled their noses. He waited for some time and then pitched two more pebbles—which had the same effect. So he sat, slowly and mechanically tossing his harmless missiles upon the dense hair of his charges. Evidently he was in no hurry; and the two travelers, impatient as they were, had too much wisdom of experience to try to push him. They sat quietly in their saddles, watching the droll scene. It was very ridiculous to need deliverance from two stupid beasts, and to get it from such an owlish little tatterdemalion. His ragged clothing was of very thick coarse cloth; and upon his feet were the clumsy yanquis or raw hide sandals of mountain Peru, and he wore thick stockings rising to his knees. Over h's trousers was a curious garment, half apron and half leggings; and over-sleeves of the same material, hung with a cord about his neck, came up over the elbows of his coat. These two garments were knit in very strange patterns, amid which were square, brown llamas wandering up and down a gray background. Around his waist was a woven belt, now very old, but of beautiful colors and workmanship. And his face—what a brown round riddle!

"How do you call yourself, friend?" asked the professor, in Spanish. "And have you ten years or a hundred?"

"Ramon Ynga, senor. And the other, I do not know. I have been here a long time—ever since they built the mill at Casapaica."

"You must be about fifteen, then. And where do you live?"

"There, above," answered Ramon, tossing another pebble.

"A curious habit of the mountaineers," said the professor. "These mountain Indians, instead of living in the valleys, climb to the very top of these peaks, and build there their squalid stone hovels. They seem to think nothing of the eternal clambering up and down."

An hour crawled by, and the stones in Ramon's hat were running low. Suddenly the brown llama turned with a snort of disgust, and strode off up the trail. The gray one hesitated a moment, snorted—and followed. "That way they get tired, sirs," said the boy, emptying his hat and pulling it down upon his thatch of black hair.

"I'd take a good club to them!" growled Barton, who had great confidence in the Saxon way of forcing things.

"No, the boy is quite right. It is another case where you must not try to be smarter than nature. The llama is the stubbornest brute alive; a mule is vacillating, compared to him. If you put a pound too much on his load, he will lie down; and you might beat him to death, or build a fire beside him, but he would not get up. Nobody but a Peruvian Indian can do anything with a Peruvian camel, and Ramon has just shown us the proper tactics. Hurt the animal, and he only grows more sullen; but the pebbles merely tease him until he can no longer bear it. And really he repays patience when he behaves well, for he is the only animal that can work effectively at these terrific altitudes, where horses and mules are practically useless. But adelante (forward!)"—St. Nicholas.

Trees Five Centuries Old.

Gerike, the great German forester, writes that the greatest ages to which trees in Germany are positively known to have lived are from 500 to 570 years. For instance, the pine in Bohemia and the pine in Norway and Sweden have lived to the latter age. Next comes the silver fir, which in the Bohemian forests has stood and thrived for upward for 400 years. In Bavaria the larch has reached the age of 275 years. Of foliage trees, the oak appears to have survived the longest. The best example is the evergreen oak at Aschoffenburg, which reached the age of 410 years. Other oaks in Germany have lived to be from 315 to 320 years old. At Aschoffenburg the red beech has lived to the age of 245 years, and at other points to the age of 225 years. Of other trees, the highest known are: Ash, 170 years; birch, 160 to 200 years; aspen, 220 years; mountain maple, 225 years; elm, 130 years, and red alder, 145 years.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The British are nicknamed beefeaters not without reason. The annual consumption of meat in Great Britain per head is 124.8 pounds, of which 65.7 is beef, 28.3 mutton, 28.6 pork, 2.2 other kinds.

Figures just compiled show that during the year 1893 seventy-four railroads, aggregating 29,340 miles of track became insolvent, while the totals for 1895 show only thirty-one roads placed in the hands of receivers, covering 4,089 miles of track.

A savings bank of New York keeps a record of its depositors. During the year 1894 there was only one actor while there were 1,392 tailors; there was but a single editor, while there were 725 laborers; there was but one barding-house keeper and 337 peddlers. There were lots of shoemakers, bakers, barbers, waiters, cigarmakers, but very few musicians, liquor dealers, lawyers or policemen. Only five policemen, five lawyers and one soldier.

Last year the state of Mississippi bought three large tracts of land upon which to set its 250 convicts to work under the direct supervision of the state authorities. The result was that the state received 3,200 bales of cotton of 500 pounds each, 50,000 bushels of corn, 1,100 tons of hay, 47,000 pounds of pork, 55 barrels of molasses and 2,200 bushels of peas, all of which sold for $115,000. The cost of the land and the expenses of the year for farming utensils, live stock, etc., amounted to $95,000, leaving a profit of $60,000 to the state.

There lives a woman in Middle Tennessee, who without ever moving from the house in which she was born, has been a citizen of two states and five counties. The explanation is that her farm lies upon the state line, just where several counties meet and corner. The early surveys were not over-accurate, so new lines have been run repeatedly, yet never to the full satisfaction of the authorities. In the changes the dwelling has been set now in this jurisdiction, now in that—and the owner of it has paid taxes, usually under injunction, to five sets of officials.

A number of capitalists in Germany have agreed to join forces to make a practical test of the air ship invented by Count Zeppelin, of Wurtemburg. Zeppelin's plans had the indorsement of the great Helmholtz, and they have been pronounced practical by various scientists. They depend for buoyancy on hydrogen gas, and for motive power on an oil-motor made of aluminum. Meantime Prof. Maxim in England, and Prof. Langley, in America, are also prosecuting experiments in aerial navigation, the lifting power of aeroplanes being the principle they are developing.

In his department in Harper's Mr. Charles Dudley Warner writes of women and the bicycle. He does not think that riding the wheel is a graceful performance for either sex, but he gives the palm for grace to women, "because they sit more erect and have a regard for appearance, and do not aump the back and imitate the cunning attitude of the monkey on the ring pony." The thing that keeps bicycling from being graceful is the treading. When we can do away with that we will have more grace, but not as much health. It is the exercise of treading that puts color in the cheeks and adds brightness to the eye.

Dispatches from the far West tell of the spread there of the gold-hunting fever that now rages in every quarter of the habitable globe. In the Black Hills of Dakota the quest goes on energetically and scientifically, with the aid of machinery and backed by large amounts of capital. Abandoned placers are to be worked, new mines opened and bearing mines more thoroughly explored. Far out on the borders of the remote Colville Reserve in the Cascade Range thousands of prospectors and gold-hunters invited disease and death while waiting for the opening of these Indian lands, which are reported to contain mineral wealth of incalculable value. When it comes to a rush for undeveloped gold fields hardships, perils or even death cannot daunt the man with the fever in his veins.

A German expert, after a careful estimate, has announced that the total lenkth of telegraph lines in the world is 1,062,700 miles, of which America has 454,600 miles; Europe, 380,700; Asia, 67,400; Africa, 21,500, and Australia, 47,500 miles. The United States has a greater length than any other country, 403,900 miles, and Russia comes next, although European Russia has only 81,000 miles. The other countries follow in this order: Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, British India, Mexico, the United Kingdom, Canada, Italy, Turkey, the Argentine Republic, Spain and Chili. In point of proportion, however, Belgium leads, with 409 miles of wire for every 1,000 square miles of territory; Germany comes next, with 350 miles; Holland is only slightly behind Germany, and the United Kingdom has 280 miles of telegraph for every 1,000 miles of country.

A Chicago clergyman has taken the expert testimony of fifty young women of that city as to the Chicago man. The unanimous opinion was that he was conceited and wanting in deference to women. The first of these charges is not of any particular moment. All men are more or less conceited. The difference, however, between the masculine conceit and the feminine quality of vanity must be borne in mind. The second charge is a very serious one. Deference to woman is a quality the absence of which is incompatible with everything like refinement. It is at the base of all chivalry. It keeps men from the easy familiarities which are the marks of the social degenerate. It promotes the reserve, which is the first and most necessary thing in the social relations. A man who is not deferential to women, and habitually so, will not be tolerant to his fellow man.

Roentgen's experiments followed as they have been by the efforts of other savans along the same lines, together with wide newspaper discussion, have given popular thought and common conversation a tendency toward the scientific and the abstruse. Roentgen rays, X rays, cathode rays, ultra violet rays—the words as familiar to the ear as the alphabet. Stated briefly, Professor Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen has found a means whereby articles behind opaque substances, or contained therein, may be photographed and their position accurately defined. The pictures thus obtained are light—often shadows only on the plate. Their character is determined by the relative density of the inclosing matter. If the envelope present slight obstruction to the X rays the impression of the object whose photograph is sought is proportionately distinct. It is easy to see that this discovery may be put to great practical use, and it has for that reason excited an interest almost universal.

An enterprising Long Islander has taken pity on all pet dogs and their owners. Henceforth no one of them all need go to a plebeian grave. A cemetery is to be opened for the exclusive use of mistresses of canine pets, and suitable burial paraphernalia will be furnished for all sizes and all breeds. Coffins and flowers are to be a specialty This enterprising woman feels that sufficient honor is not done to deceased dogs, and feels how difficult it has been to secure a fitting place for interment. As this spot, on a gentle slope near the water and not forty miles from New York, will be purchased for the purpose held in view, no demur need be feared. Owners of pugs can now rest in peace. Being an artist in her way, the Long Island woman has many plans for the selection of appropriate flowers. She feels that the only Skye to whom proper honor has been done was one who was laid out in a white satin coffin while his body was covered with English violets. The grave itself was lined with hyacinths, all unsullied white.

According to the treasury estimate the American cotton crop of last year amounted to 3,760,381,000 pounds, of which amount 2,628,000,000 pounds were exported to Europe. Of the total European exports England took 1,425,451,000 pounds, or more than half. According to English estimates the value of the total English consumption of raw cotton was £33,000,000, or over $150,000,000, representing at least the average earnings of 500,000 laborers for a year of 300 working days, and the support of about 2,500,000 people, including the dependents of these laborers, but not merchants, factors, railroad employees or others whose livelihood depends on handling the trade and feeding and clothing the labor engaged in it. In its textile industries England has invested the enormous sum of $1,000,000,000, and Mr. Thomas Ellison estimates its annual production of cottons at $500,000,000, or about double that of wool. Nearly if not quite three-quarters of a million people are employed in producing this output. Many of them are miners, but it is not likely to do violence to facts to suppose that at least 3,000,000 people are directly dependent on the industry for their daily supply of food.

Ammonia and Burns.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes: "Every day we read in the papers accounts of severe suffering and deaths, which I am sure can be greatly alleviated by the use of aqua ammonia, just as it is sold at the drug stores. Manner of application: Take a wad of cotton, saturate with the ammonia and pat the burn with it. Keep doing this till the fire is all drawn out, which will be in ten or fifteen minutes, but I mention that relief is instantaneous. This application not only relieves but entirely cures the affected part, for it will not even be sore again My boy, seven years of age, ran headlong into a coffee pot just lifted from the range boiling hot. The liquid ran down his back and to his waist, and when his clothing was removed the skin came with it. We applied the ammonia as above and the boy's only cry was 'Faster, faster,' and in ten minutes after we made the application he was enjoying the pictures in one of the comic papers, and with his clothes all on him. He never complained of any soreness during the same day he was scalded. Do try to get doctors and others to use this treatment. I know that doctors discredit this treatment, because I have spoken to several about it, but in my business we have to use hot lead and tin and frequently get burned by the metal spattering upon us. We keep a bottle of ammomnia at hand, and we never have any sore places from the burns."

Thought He Knew Gold.

The Butte (Montana) Inter-Mountain tells a good gold-dust story of George Wilson, who owned the famous Paris mine in Park county, Mont. Wilson was visited by some Englishmen one day, among whom was an expert of the English pattern—one who knew all about mines and a great deal about everything else, in his own opinion They wanted to see some of Wilson's gold, and he panned out some very fine colors for their edification. "But that isn't gold," pronounced the youthful expert, after a critical examination. "Me deah fellah, I am a graduate of the English School of Mines, and I know gold when I see it, you know. That is iron." Wilson didn't say much. He just leaned over and took the alleged expert confidingly by the shoulder. "Mebbe is isnt," he said, "but don't go and give it away to those fellows down at the Denver mint, for I have been selling this stuff to them for gold all along."

FOUR-IN-HAND.

Short Story of the Civil War, Told by an Old Soldier.

Our regiment was armed with breech-loading repeating rifles; it was a good gun, handy to carry, easy to manage and good to shoot. They were seasoned troops, and they never wasted ammunition, but there were times when naturally, with such a gun, they used considerable, and the colonel always made it a point to keep the boys supplied. The best wagon we had we always kept for the ammunition, and the best team; and when the regiment was in action, and in need of ammunition, if it was where a team could go the ammunition wagon was driven right on to the field.

Here, for instance, was the regiment in a cotton field, lengthwise of the furrows, which ran at right angles to a road near by; the left of the regiment may be thirty rods to the right of this road. Other troops in line to the right and left of us, stretching across a country, part fields, part woods. Waiting here for a movement somewhere else; part of the general plan. Enemy in front, more or less firing going on all the time; been at it now for an hour or two, and ammunition beginning to get low; colonel sends back for the ammunition wagon.

The driver might cut off a little by driving across the field, but he doesn't want to cross those furrows with a load of ammunition banging and slamming around in the wagon; he might lose it—so he come straight up the road. He's got as good a four-horse team as any man could want to drive, and no man could drive it better than he does. No running or cantering or anything of that sort, but he comes up the road at a good square speed trot, plumb to the line, and swing to right and drives along the cotton furrows to the rear of the center of the regiment, swing to the right, and halts.

A man climbs into the wagon and shoves the boxes back so they'll be handy to get at, just as if he might do if were unloading trunks or boxes of hard bread. As he is going on with the work, the driver looking back now and then to see how he is getting along, a piece of shell comes over somehow and strikes the off leader on the haunch and scoops out a piece big enough to lay the crown of a cap in. The horse jumps and plunges, but the driver soon has him down on his feet again and standing all right, minding the driver, but trembling from head to foot.

"All right, old man!" sings out the man that has been shoving the boxes back, and the driver looks back to see is he's put his tail-board where it belong, and then he starts his team. This time he doesn't take the easiest way, along the cotton furrows to the road; he isn't going to risk his team in that way; he goes straight ahead across the coton furrows by the shortest cut, the empty wagon bouncing and bounding, but the driver keeping his seat as well as a cavalryman would keep his in the saddle; letting his elbows flap up a little occasionally, but doing that as much for fun as anything else, because the drive was sort of exhilarating; the team going well, the off leader with the hole in his haunch and the blood running down his leg and off the fetlock, trotting up game and trim, square with the other leader, and pulling his share full. And so they got back to the train all right; but they had to shoot the off leader, after all.—New York Press.

History of Irrigation.

But although irrigation is both ancient and universal, the Anglo-Saxon never dealt with it in a large way until the last half-century, when he found it to be the indispensable condition of settlement in large portions of Western America, Australia and South Africa. Through all the centuries of the past the art has been the exclusive possession of Indian, Latin and Mongolian races. Its earliest modern traces in this country are found in the small gardens of the mission fathers of Southern California. They brought the method from Mexico, and taught it to the Indians. But the real cradle of American irrigation as a practical industry is Utah. A treasured historical painting in Salt Lake City shows the pioneers of 1847 in the act of turning the waters of the mountain stream known as City Creek upon the alkaline desert. This picture commemorates the opening scene of the new industrial drama of arid America.

In the hands of Indians and Mexicans of the Southwest, irrigation was a stagnant art, but the white population has studied it with the same enthusiasm which it bestows upon electricity and new mining processes. The lower races merely knew that if crops were expected to grow on dry land they must be artificially watered. They proceeded to pour on the water by the rudest method. The Anglo-Saxon demanded to know why crops required water, and how and when it could be best supplied to meet their diverse needs. He has sought this knowledge through the medium of agricultural colleges, experimental farms and neighborhood associations. He has thus approached by gradual steps true scientific methods, which are producing results unknown before in any part of the world.—Century.

The Ways of the Opossum.

Just why the great zoologists of the present day should have chosen to consider the opossum an animal of a lower order than the stupid and helpless sloth, and the third order from the lowest of all, is not so easy to understand as it ought to be. As a matter of fact, nature has done a great deal for the opossum—far more than for the great majority of quadrupeds. Note what the creature is, and can do, and match it if you can. It can eat almost anything that can be chewed—wild fruit, berries, green corn, insect larvae eggs, young birds and quadrupeds, soft-shelled nuts and certain roots. It is a good climber, and has a very useful prehensile tail. It forages on the ground quite as successfully as any squirrel. It usually burrows under the roots of large trees, where it is impossible for the hunter to dig it out; but it sometimes makes the mistake of choosing a hollow log. When attacked it often feigns death to throw its assailants off their guard. Like the bear and woodchuck, it stores up a plentiful supply of fat for winter use, when food is scarce; and, above all, the female has a nice, warm pouch in which to carry and protect her helpless young, instead of leaving them in the nest to catch their death of cold, or be devoured by some enemy.

They Snowballed the Fire.

The citizens of Smithland adopted a novel method of extinguishing a fire a few days ago. A blaze started in a residence, and when the usual impromptu bucket brigade arrived at the scene it was found that no water was to be had, every available supply being frozen and the ground covered with snow. Finally a bright idea struck some one in the crowd, and the suggestion was made that the party should use snow to subdue the flames. The excited citizens divided, and one company rolled up snow balls about a foot in diameter, and passed them on to others, who heaved them over on the rapidly consuming structure. The house, being on a hillside, made this an easy matter, as they secured a good vantage ground on the hill above the house, which rendered it an easy matter to throw the snow over with accuracy and effect. To make a long story short, the fire was extinguished before it gained any headway in the main building, and the floors in one or two other rooms were saved. The people in Smithland are still talking about how they put out the fire.—Paducah (Ky.) Standard.

Brittle Finger Nails.

Many women who have pretty hands are constantly mortified in cold weather by the rough appearance of their finger nails, caused by the fact that they break and split. The intense cold causes the nails to become brittle that it seems impossible to trim them so as to make them smooth. The possessor of such nails should cut them with nothing except well sharpened manicure scissors, and the nails must never be cut or filed unless the fingers have first been soaked in warm water. The brittleness may sometimes be lessened by rubbing almond oil thoroughly into the nails and finger ends on retiring at night. An old pair of kid gloves must then be pulled on. The housekeeper whose nails break easily should never stir anything on the hot range without first slipping on a loose glove, as the dry heat from the fire will make her nails more brittle than ever. Neither will she allow herself to stay out of doors for a moment without having her hands protected from the cold, which is even more injurious than the heat.

Hired Swains.

A curious custom prevails in some provinces of Holland during the carnival season, according to the Buche fur Alle. Young women of the working class, especially domestic servants, who have no sweetheart of their own, are in the habit of hiring "followers" for their Sunday out, or for the whole of the Carnival period. These lovers are by no means to be had very cheap. Often two or three maids will club together and share a lover among them, if he comes too expensive for one girl.

This temporary lover has many duties to perform. Of course, he must be good looking and well dressed, and an efficient and indefatigable dancer. Besides receiving a variety of valuable presents from his "girls," he is "found" by them in victuals and drink. If a young woman can afford to engage a "swain" all to herself, so much the better, for the hireling often develops into a real lover and ultimately into a husband. It can thus be said, that in some districts of Holland, the girls do all the wooing.

New Use for Bicycles.

The French have applied the idea of the bicycle to a fire engine. The machine was designed by M. Schoedelin, according to La Byciette. The men in the saddles, who propel it to the scene of the fire, employ the same power to force water through the hose, a simple change in the gearing transferring the power from the wheels to a rotary force pump attached to the machine. The two arms running back from the rear axle, much as do mudguard braces, are let down when the machine is ready to work at a fire and serve as stanchions to hold the machine firm. At the same time they raise the rear wheels from the ground, permitting them to revolve without moving the quad. Gear wheels are then throw into action with the rear hubs and serve as the power to work a rotary pump hung in the rear framing.

The Fake Telescope.

A well-known scientist, walking along a London street, came across an itinerant astronomer, and applying his eye to the instrument was astonished to see a beautiful full moon, although at the time the moon was only in her second quarter. The instrument was not a telescope at all, but simply a tube, with a hole where the eye-piece should be, and a transparency of the full moon, with a light behind it, at the other end. On the scientist asking the exhibitor how he could so cheat the public, the man simply remarked: "It's all right, sir. I used to have a proper 'scope once, but I turned it up for this after an Irishman pitched into me for showing him only 'arf a moon. This way pays better and gives more satisfaction."—Argonaut.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "All Men are Astray."

TEXT: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray. We have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—Isaiah liii., 6.

Once more I ring the old gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment. All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience, and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray.

I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray and what my text means when it says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways—either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on and we wandered on and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the club house when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you?—perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life:

> There is a happy land
> Far, far away,
> Where saints immortal reign
> Bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life, but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul you find in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh, this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food. It is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess, but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battleground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on. He will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

> Substantial comforts will not grow
> On nature's barren soil; a
> All we can boast till Christ we know
> Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared by the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are splashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy and some of you took to strong drink and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh, man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your early failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you and a God to deliver you and a God to help you and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When Sevastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress, and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angles shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harp with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous; that isn't fair. Let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation, and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty and well—I ask you to carry me, you say rightly, "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle, and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying: "Come and help; this man is helpless. Bring the ambulance. Let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance, and take me to the hospital, and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything be meaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying: "Here, Lord, here is my obligation. Here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation. Now give me a receipt. Cross it all out." The debt is paid.

But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God! Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee, and then with a dead lift He raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will a man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts. Put them on My shoulder, put them on My heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossimery and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter, and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings; I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before man, but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits, the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections, and I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart and I know by experience that what you say is true." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all!" Yonder is a man who would say, "I was the worst drunkard in the city; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself; I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lip to be kissed, I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on farther and farther from God until one day I got a letter, saying:

"My Dear Husband—I have tried every way, done everything and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life had been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife, MARY.

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

> "All may come, whoever will—
> This man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy!' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that you this day proclaim, "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Yonder is a woman who would say, "I wandered off from my father's house, I heard the storm that pe ts on a lost soul. My feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and He said, 'Poor thing, go home! Your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing!' And, sir, I was too week to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out—I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position—a good commercial position—but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dagged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me, and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean that if you will come to the meeting tonight I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest, and I went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in, and as I went in I heard an old man praying and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around, so kind and so sympathetic, that I just there gave my heart to God, and I know that what you say is true; I know it in my own experience." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Oh, my brother, without stopping to look whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand and let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation to all who are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here to-day and I stand aside. He comes up three steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands, and they were nailed. You see His feet; they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say, "Art Thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest Thou?" He says, "I came from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with Thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone." I say, "Why comest Thou here?" "Oh," He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people!" And He kneels. He says, "Put on My shoulders all the sorrow and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sin first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yes, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say, "Canst Thou bear any more?" He says, "Yes, more," Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say, "Canst Thou bear more?" He says, "Yes, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say, "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yes," he says, "more." But He is departing. Clear the way for Him, the Son of God. Open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let Him take your sins to-day? or, do you say, "I will take charge of them myself. I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line.

A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it. I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied. "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last. To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "whosoever will, let him come," whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

> While God invites, how blest the day,
> How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
> Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away
> While yet a pardoning God is found.

In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated in my church was a man who came in who said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the gospel. While another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said: "My opportunity is gone. Last week I might have been saved. Not now. The door is shut." "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment!"

WEATHER WARNINGS HELPFUL.

Advance Notices of Cold Waves Have Saved Millions of Dollars.

Professor Moore, of the Weather Bureau, has made a special report to the Secretary of Agriculture in regard to the actual money value of cold wave warnings to the people of this country, with special reference to the cold wave of January 2 to 5, 1895.

That was a wave of unusual severity, spreading over the entire country east of the Rocky Mountains, with the exception of the southern portion of Florida. At every Weather Bureau station throughout this region the cold wave flag was displayed, and warnings were distributed, at least twenty-four hours before the cold wave occurred.

Reports received from 102 stations indicate that these warnings were directly instrumental in saving from destruction property exceeding $3,500,000 in value. This estimate takes no account of property saved as the result of warnings distributed from the Weather Bureau stations to thousands of small towns and cities from which it has been impossible to obtain reports.

The largest saving reported was by owners and shippers of perishable produce. Water pipes were protected in factories, residences and public buildings, and the size of trains was regulated by railroad officials, while florists and agriculturists protected their hot-houses. Reports of direct benefits were received from fuel dealers, owners of ice harvesters, farmers and stock raisers, river men and business men generally. One of the latter declares the Weather Bureau an active partner in every man's business.

Another benefit widely reported, but necessarily not expressed in figures, was the protection to health and the increase in the comfort of the public generally on account of these timely warnings.

BOAR KILLS A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Ravenous Snake Escapes From Its Cage Only to Meet Death.

In an animal store in New York City, kept by Donald Burns, two boa constrictors, furious with hunger after a fast of several weeks, escaped from their cage. One crept through the bars and into a cage occupied by two Texas wild boars. The animals from the South did not wait to be attacked, but jumped and began stamping on the reptile. The boa enwrapped each of the boars and endeavored to crush their lives out, but the little animals were too strong and quick to permit this. One of them seized the big snake by the neck and almost broke the bones that answer for its spine. The snake succeeded in tearing itself loose, only to be again seized by the neck, and this time the peccary succeeded in crushing the life out of its adversary. Both the boars were badly hurt, and one will probably die. The other boa constrictor crawled to the cage occupied by a fine young leopard, but a fight between the two was prevented by Burns and one of his assistants, who succeeded in withdrawing the reptile from the cage.

EDICT AGAINST DEATH DANCES.

Osage Indians Ordered to Cease the Custom by Their Chief.

Chief Deboit, the head medicine man of the Osage tribe of Indians, and the active politician, has issued, from Pawhuska, Oklahoma, an imperative order discontinuing death dances in the Nation. When an Osage dies, according to a long-established custom, all his relatives go absolutely naked until the death dance, which occurs thirty days after the fatality. This custom of going naked has played havoc with them, making them subject to colds that invariably ended in consumption. Seven per cent. of the adults of the tribe are now in the last stages of consumption, and it is this alarming fact that called forth the edict. The importance of the measure is so great that death dances will be treason against the Nation.

England to Strengthen Her Navy.

It is stated that $35,000,000 will be devoted to naval work in this year's budget.

A MOTORMAN'S LIFE.

FULL OF HARDSHIPS, EXPOSURE AND CONSTANT DANGER.

The Great Strain on a Man's Nerves Sufficient in Itself to Wreck Him in a Short Time---The Experience of a Well-Known Motorman.

From the Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer.

The life of a motorman is not a bed of roses. He is subjected to many hardships, especially in the winter, when he is exposed to the cold and snow. Even in the summer he must bear the intense heat which beats down upon him. Considerable nerve and self-possession is necessary in a good motorman, for the lives and limbs of his passengers are at stake. One of the best known electric motormen in this city is William Frazer, who is at present running a car on the Cumminsville electric line. He is not only well known to his fellow employes but to the people who travel on his car. Mr. Frazer is a young man about twenty-six years of age and resides with his wife and child at 144 Betts Street, Cincinnati, O. About a year ago Mr. Frazer was taken with serious stomach troubles. He bought several kinds of medicine which were recommended to him, but none of them seemed to give him even temporary benefit. An enthusiastic admirer of that famous remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People told him to try them. Frazer was almost discouraged, but took the advice. To a reporter of the *Enquirer* he said:

"I can most heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are all that is claimed for them, in fact they advertise themselves better than any medicine I ever saw. I was seized some time ago with a bad attack of indigestion. My stomach hurt me nearly all the time and I could not digest my food. The pain was almost unbearable and I found nothing that would give me relief. I confess that when I bought the first box of Pink Pills I hadn't much confidence in their efficacy because I had tried so many things without success that I was almost discouraged. Before I had taken one box I was decidedly better. Two boxes cured me entirely. While I have been under the weather from other causes my indigestion has never returned. If it ever should I know just what to do. I have so much confidence in the efficacy of Pink Pills that if I ever get real sick again with any disorder I shall use some of them. It is a pleasure for me I assure you to testify to the excellent qualities of the Pink Pills. They not only tone the stomach but regulate the bowels and act as a mild cathartic."

Mr. Frazer's testimonial means something. He speaks from personal experience and any one who doubts that he received the benefits stated can easily verify the assertion by calling on Mr. Frazer or seeing him some time while he is on his car.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Going to South Africa.

During the last year or two there has been something of a migration of miners from the Western States to South Africa, and advertisements of rates and routes to South Africa are printed in most of the mining papers. The movement seems to have extended to others than the miners, and may indicate that the emigrants have not fared badly. A man advertises in a recent issue of a Deadwood paper that he will sell at a bargain his saloons in Deadwood and in Lead, as he intends going to South Africa. Whether he expects to make money out of the mines of the miners he doesn't state.

Gentle Reminder.

"Uncle" Peter Bates was a local celebrity who kept the tavern in Randolph, Vt., in the old staging days.

He was noted for his dry humor, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas.

One morning, after breakfast, as a stranger was about to depart without paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up to him and blandly said:

"Mister, if you should lose your pocketbook between here and Montpelier, remember you didn't take it out here."

Bezique.

Church bezique is a recent French invention, suited for religious circles and for Lent. It is played with cards, like ordinary bezique, but from the mouths of the king, queen and knave on the face cards issues a scroll on which is printed a short prayer, which the players repeat when counting up their cards.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials, free. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

He laughs best who laughs at the right time.

Let the Earth Rejoice and

farmers sing. With our new hardy grasses, clovers and fodder plants the poorest, most worn out, toughest, worst piece of land can be made as fertile as the valley of the Nile. Only takes a year or so to do so! At the same time you will be getting big crops! Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sacaline, Lathyrus, what a variety of names! Catalogue tells you!

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c. postage, you will get free their mammoth catalogue and ten grass and grain and fodder samples (worth $1 to get a start.) (A. C.)

It is a terrible thing to see one working who never smiles.

Feed for Layers.

In regard to feed, most farmers know that hens will fatten on the grains raised on the farm, wheat, oats and corn, if these are fed regularly either by mixture or with frequent change. These are improved by grinding and a little meat added a couple of times a week. But it may be well to hear what a Nova Scotia expert has to say about feeding laying hens. He says: "There is nothing equal to the exclusive use of meat and bone with very little of anything else."

Every marriage is a failure according to somebody.

If you are *doubtful* as to the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experience of *millions* who use it, after the 31 years it has been on the market, *one trial* will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

A good heart is always a soft mark for a good head.

Everyone Knows How it Is

to suffer with corns, and they are not conducive to walking; remove them with Hindercorns

It is pleasanter to read a romance than to live one.

A COUGH SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy and give immediate relief. Avoid imitations.

A woman is known by the company she doesn't keep.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Sicklen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

Sometimes it is the upper dog that deserves the sympathy.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Don't worry about privileges until you have your rights.

Many Influences Combine to Reduce Health to the danger limit. The reviving properties of Parker's Ginger Tonic overcome these ills.

Civilization makes things easier for the fool and the knaves.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Some men who make good husbands are not fit for much else.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

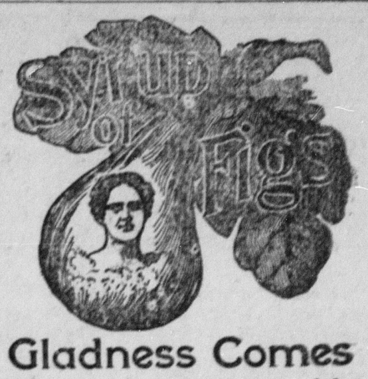
Charity cannot cover sins as fast as the gossips can invent them.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25c.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

ASTHMA POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

BNU 11

WE HAVE NO AGENTS. but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 41 styles Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue. ELKHART Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co. W. B. PRATT, Secy Elkhart, Ind.

ALABASTINE. IT WON'T RUB OFF. Wall Paper is Unsanitary. Kalsomine is temporary, rots, rubs off and Scales. ALABASTINE forms a pure and permanent coating and does not require to be taken off to renew from time to time. Is a dry powder. The latest make being adapted to mix, ready for use, with Cold Water. Can be easily brushed on by any one. Made in white and twelve fashionable tints. ALABASTINE is adapted to all styles of plain and relief decorating.

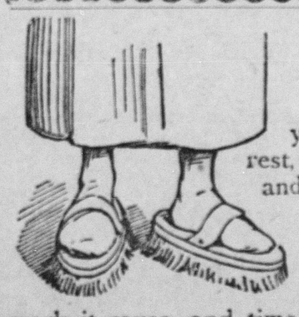
"It won't rub off."

THE DOCTOR—"One layer of paper is bad enough, you know there here. Baby may scream but cannot think."

ASK YOUR PAINT DEALER FOR CARD OF TINTS.

If not for sale in your town, write us for name of nearest dealer.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



Better use them this way, if you don't use Pearline. Give your tired arms and aching back a rest, somehow, when you're scrubbing and cleaning.

"An absurd idea?" Of course. But when a person has cleaned house with Pearline, year in and year out, and knows how much work it saves, and time, and rubbing, nothing seems more absurd than to try to clean house without it. Pearline—no soap with it—just Pearline—makes house-cleaning easy. 466

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Shooting Pains in any part of the body are usually caused by Neuralgia, which in turn is caused by a low state of the blood. Purify the blood and the pains cease. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS *purifies the blood.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

DON'T YOU OFTEN come across expressions and references in the newspapers and books which you don't fully understand, and which you would like to look up if you had some compact book which would give the information in a few lines?—not be obliged to handle a twenty-pound encyclopædia costing $25 or $30, but in stamps sent to BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City will furnish you, postpaid, with just such a book, containing 320 pages, well illustrated, with complete handy Index. Do you know who Crœsus was, and where he lived? Who built the Pyramids, and when? That sound travels 1125 feet per second? What is the longest river in the world? That Marco Polo invented the compass in 1260, and who Marco Polo was? What the Gordian Knot was? The book contains thousands of explanations of just such matters as you wonder about. *Buy it at the very low price of half a dollar and IMPROVE YOURSELF.* 50c. 50c.

THE CEN RE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, - Editor.

TERMS.—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Mar. 12

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Charges for candidates cards: Congress $15; Assembly $8; all others $5. Communications 5 cents per line first insertion.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that Burdine Butler, of Howard township, will be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that Jacob L. Runkle, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that A. R. Alexander, of Penn township, will be a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that Frank Foreman, of Centre Hall borough, will be a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Fred. Kurtz, of Centre Hall Borough, will be a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that Franklin Bowersox, of Ferguson, West precinct; will be a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that William H. Fry, of Ferguson township, will be a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that George R. Williams, of Worth township, will be a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that Daniel Heckman, of Benner township will be a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

THE trouble at Woodward was a deplorable thing, but why should any one turn around and abuse the people of Woodward and of Haines township, and put them down as ignorant barbarians? They are not that sort of people, and their indignation did not run to the same extreme as would have been witnessed if the trouble had happened in some of the would-be-refined-highly-schooled-snob sections elsewhere. One can not meet a more kind hearted, hospitable people than those of Haines township, and we know whereof we speak, and persons furnished newspaper slanders against those who are far their superior in manners, morals, true Christianity, and honesty. Put yourself in their place under the fear and terror they suffered for years. Don't urge on further trouble, pray, in God's name, there has been enough.

An Oyster Supper.

The Mite Society of the St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran congregation of Spring Mills, will hold an oyster supper in Grange hall, Saturday euening, March 21. All are invited.

Death at Rebersburg.

Mrs. Usebius Hershey, widow of Usebius Hershey, who died in Africa several years ago, died at her home at Rebersburg and was buried on Sunday.

Broke His Arm.

George Krape, of Farmers Mills, broke an arm near the shoulder, Sunday forenoon, while driving.

A Sufferer Cured

"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Wautoma, Wis.

AYER'S

THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR Sarsaparilla

AYER'S PILLS Promote Good Digestion.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

The Unexpected Death of Isaiah Coxey, of Boalsburg.

Yesterday morning, Wednesday, Boalsburg lost one of its well-known and popular characters, who was found dead in his bed, at his home. His death was sudden, apparently, and was due likely to a stroke of paralysis, or heart failure.

For years Mr. Coxey drove the hack and carried the mail from Boalsburg to the Oak Hall station, and there were few in this valley who were not acquainted with him.

He was aged over sixty years, and leaves a wife and several children all grown. He was an uncle of General Coxey, of the Commonweal Army fame, who made himself famous by his march from Ohio to Washington with an army of tramps. The uncle did not approve of the actions of his nephew.

He will be buried at Boalsburg on Friday morning.

LINDEN HALL.

News of the Past Week Gleaned for Our Readers.

Mrs. John Wibly left for Watsontown on Wednesday last, where she is visiting among her many friends; she returned Monday.

Mrs. Huldah Ripka is at present on the sick list with that dreaded disease, la grippe.

Miss Anna Bradford, who has been staying with her uncle, Philip Bradford, during the winter, left on Friday for her home near Aaronsburg; she made many friends while here.

Tuesday Wm. Cooney moved from Sunny Side to the tenant house on the farm of Mr. Van Tries.

Jas. Ross, Jr., of this place, while working at the saw mill one-half mile west of town had an accident nearly resulting in the breaking of his leg.

Mr. David Frantz is busy moving some of his implements and household goods to Pine Grove, where he expects to move his family the latter part of this month.

Messrs. Henry Zeigler, Joseph Page and Charles Frazier, of this place, attended the horse sale at Centre Hall Friday.

Wm. Krape, of Spring Mills, was in town on Friday last; he is a candidate for sheriff, and was here looking up his interests in that line.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bohn, of Buffalo Run, were guests at the home of Lloyd Brown several days this week.

Miss Martha Tressler, of Warriors Mark, is visiting among her friends and relatives here at present.

Mr. J. H. Ross and son Willie, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte.

THE WEATHER.

Temperature and Rain and Snow Fall, Registered at the Reporter office.

	Temperature. Highest.	Lowest.	
Mar. 5	40		10 clear.
" 6	48		21 cloudy.
" 7	45		29 cloudy.
" 8	32		24 cloudy.
" 9	35		36 fair.
" 10	31		13 cloudy.

On 7, storm at night and .22 inches rain before day. On 8, storm. On 10, 1½ inches snow during day.

From 9 to 10th, 11 in. snow & storm.

Time Changed.

On account of the C. E. Social, the time for Lutheran S. S. practice will be postponed to Friday evening, 13th.

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since. For sale by W. A. Pealer, Spring Mills, S. M. Swartz, Tusseyville, and R. E. Bartholomew, Centre Hall.

Must Use the Knife

Saib the Surgeon, but Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was taken and the Knife Avoided.

The Union and Advertiser of Rochester, N. Y., recently published the folfowing interesting account of how Wm. W. Adams of 127 South avenue, that city was saved from a painful operation by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Mr. Adams said: "Three years ago I was taken with kidney disease very badly; at times I was completely prostrated; in fact, was so bad that the day was set for the doctors to perform an operation upon me. But I decided I would not submit. I had been put in hot water baths, and, in fact, nearly every means was tried to help me. Upon the day set for the operation I commenced the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and from that moment began to gain, and it was not long before I was entirely cured and have had no return of the trouble since. My weight has increased and I never was so well as I am now. I have recommended

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

to many peoyle for it saved my life."

In speaking to Mrs. Adams, she said "About a year ago I was in a very feeble state of health, being completely run down. I had doctored considerably, but without permanent relief. One day one of my neighbors advised me to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, which I did. My trouble was dyspepsia, and for a long while I was unable to be about at all; but after taking a few doses I was completely cured and now enjoy good health."

Hundreds of men and women with that "run down" condition, unable to work, have recovered health and strength through this remarkable remedy. It purifies the blood, stirs the liver and kidneys to a healthy action. In cases of rheumatism, kidney, liver, and urinary troubles, it is a well-known specific.

Stop Naturally! You Don't Have to Swear off!

NO-TO-BAC

91

makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.

GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only $1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.

THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,
CHICAGO. MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK.

CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

Cold Weather Goods.

The sharp blasts that come in January are a forcible reminder of many things that were heretofore forgotten. Blankets, Comforts, Woolen Hose, Underwear, Gloves, Mittens, etc. We can supply you with these necessities for a small amount of money.

HARPER & KREAMER, Centre Hall.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been granted the past week:

Wm. Kline, State College, and Jeanette Thomas, Shingletown.

Harry McClellan and Maggie E. Fleisher, of Potter twp.

C. C. Frankenberger, Penn twp., and Adella C. Miller, Millheim.

Married.

Mr. C. C. Frankinberger and Miss Abella C. Miller, both of Millheim, were married at the Lutheran parsonage, Centre Hall, March 11, by Rev. J. M. Rearick.

GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat	70
Rye	40
Corn	30
Oats	18
Barley	27
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	18
Eggs	12
Lard	6½
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	18
Sides	6

SALE REGISTER.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18.—H. E. Duck, Administrator of W. C. Duck, dec'd, one mile west of Millheim, horses, cows young cattle, hogs, farm implements, household goods, etc.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13.—George Reiber, near Colyer, at 1 o'clock, 2 horses, 3 cows, 2 head young cattle, wagon, drill, hay rake, plows, harrows, etc.

MONDAY, MARCH 23.—William Grossman, one-Half mile north of Tusseyville, horses, cows, farm implements, etc. Wm. Goheen, auctioneer.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20.—James H. McCool, 1 mile west of Centre Hill, horses, cattle, implements, hogs, etc. At 1 o'clock; Wm. Goheen auctioneer.

MONDAY, MARCH 16.—A. Harshbarger, 2½ miles south-east of Linden Hall, at 10 o'clock, 4 work horses, 2 colts, milch cows, heifers, sheep, hogs, farm implements, etc. Wm. Goheen auct.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28.—At Centre Hall hotel, lot of beds, mattresses, spring bed, bedding, dishes, chairs, carpets, bureaus, tables, washstands, sleigh, sled, etc. At 1 o'clock; Wm. Goheen auc't

THURSDAY, MARCH 12.—Mrs. Susan Reish, near Old Fort, 3 horses, 5 cows, lot young cattle, farm implements, harness, etc. Sale at 1 o'clock, J. N. Leitzell, auc't.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21.—Howard Homan, at Centre Hall, beds stoves, buggy, sleigh, harness and many other articles.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18.—Edward Rupp, at Oak Hall, at 1 o'clock, range and fixtures, carpets, sofa, chairs, table, meat, lard, new sewing machine, etc.

MARCH 26.—Mrs. N. Benner, south of Old Fort, at 1 o'clock, 4 horses, 2 cows, 5 head young cattle, sheep, farm implements, etc. D. H. Rale Auct.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27.—E G. Van Pelt, in Centre Hall, at 1 o'clock, chamber suits, parlor suit, 2 double heater coal stoves, 2 kitchen stoves, chairs, bed springs, carpets, etc.

BOALSBURG IS THE PLACE!

To buy Furniture and Wall Paper at the lowest prices.

Parlor Suits,
Bed-room Suits,
Side Boards,
Chairs, Etc.

Just received several thousand Bolts of Wall Paper, of latest designs and styles, at from 6c to 30c per Bolt.

Undertaking in all its branches attended to promptly. Charges moderate. Time given to good parties.

F. W. WEBER,
BOALSBURG, - - PA.

HERE IS THE PLACE

To buy Furniture at Bottom Prices. Two large Rooms full. Come and see the Grand Display; Latest Styles.

WALL PAPER READY TRIMMED

Mr. Krumbine will hang paper, and do all kinds of out-door painting. Best quality of paint for sale.

WINDOW BLINDS.

All kinds of repairing done at once.

UNDERTAKING, PRACTICAL EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

J. S. DAUBERMAN,
Centre Hall.

CLEARING SALE

All Winter Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Bed Blankets, Horse Blankets, in all grades will be

SOLD AT COST!

We must have room for our Spring stock. and big bargains are now in order.

R. E. BARTHOLOMEW,
Centre Hall.

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

NO HORSE will die of COLIC, BOTS or LUNG FEVER, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent HOG CHOLERA.
Foutz's Powders will prevent GAPES IN FOWLS.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERY DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.
Sold everywhere.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, MD.
For sale by R. E. BARTHOLOMEW.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREby given that letters testamentary have been granted to the undersigned by the register of wills of Centre County, on the estate of Alexander Kerr, late of Potter township, deceased; all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated, without delay, for settlement to

DAVID L. KERR,
WILLIAM A. KERR.
Executors, Centre Hill.

feb13-6t

THURSTON GRAND RAPIDS OHIO CHEMICAL COMPANY

Thurston's PILLS

Are perfect health jewels, never known to distress but infallible to relieve. When everything else has failed to bring you relief for headache, biliousness, stomach and liver complaints ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for THURSTON'S PILLS. By mail 25 cents per package.

QUALITY....

Coupled With The Lowest Price Possible

Is exactly what you expect from **US**.
Is exactly what is promised by **US**.
Is exactly what you receive from **US**.

YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY.

HERE IS A CHANCE.

Men's Suits, $5.00. We will say nothing about the quality. Only that others ask for same goods $7.50

Men's Suits, $7.50. Good honest wearing. Strictly All Wool Goods, in a dozen different styles. Considered cheap in other stores at $12.00.

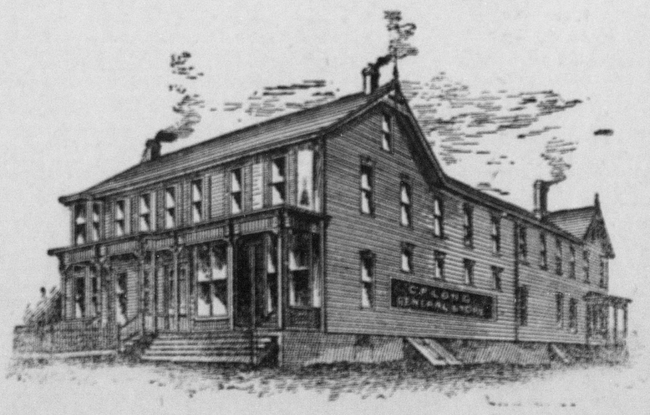
Men's Suits, $10.00. The very perfection of Dress Suits. Sacks or Cutaways. It will amuse you when others tell you how cheap their's (exactly the same goods) are are at $15 and $18.

Overcoats, Boys' and Children's Suits, everything in the Clothing and Furnishing Goods line proportionately as cheap. See us and you will be sure to buy, and you will be sure to save money.

FAUBLES.

Men's Outfitters, - - Bellefonte.

PENNS VALLEY BARGAIN STORE.



Mid Winter Sale.

The cold weather is here. It will continue for some time. Protection from the cold blasts is the first thought when Winter strikes you. And then where it can be secured with the least possible cash outlay. You will need Heavy Underwear, Heavy Clothing, Blankets, Mittens, Gloves, and anything that will turn cold. You want good goods and you want it cheap, too. We have everything you will want. We sell it at figures that our competitors dare not think of. We propose to get rid of our immense stock, and have

MARKED DOWN PRICES ON ALL GOODS!

The goods must go, and the prices we intend selling them at will make them go with a rush. Do you need anything? If you do, get in the swim. Our fine line of Dress Goods will be sold at a sacrifice. We want you to have the benefit, what we want is the room, and will have it regardless of cost. Come while they last.

C. P. LONG,
Spring Mills. State College.

TRAGEDY AT WOODWARD!

Contined from Page 1.

No sound but that of a sort of groan like "Ugh!" left his lips, and he fell over on his left side, scarcely moving a muscle.

The instant the giant had fallen a rush was made for the burning house to get out the body of the dead constable. It was found on the stairway, and quickly carried to the outside. It was a horrible sight that met the gaze of the mob.

On the right side of the head was a ghastly wound where a load of buckshot had been fired through the face near the cheek bone, the charge coming out at the neck near the collar bone. Another load of nine buckshot entered the right breast a little below the collar bone and passed completely through the body, coming out near the left hip.

But the most horrible and terrible sight of all was that Barner had his throat cut from ear to ear, completely severing the trachea, and the head almost cut from the body. When the body was being carried out the head hung down unsupported and every move and jolt caused the blood to flow from the ghastly wound.

When the populace saw the work of the fiend it was with difficulty that they could be prevented from tearing the body of Ettlinger to pieces. One or two gave it a kick and otherwise tried to vent their wrath upon the lifeless body. The crowd was finally calmed down and both corpses carried down street about one hundred feet and laid side by side on the board walk.

The building when the body of Barner was taken out was burning fiercely, and the upper story was all aflame. The crowd still lingered inside looking for relics, and hesitated somewhat about leaving. That the building contained a lot of dynamite seemed to have no fear for them until a bomb exploded upstairs, and there was a rush to get to a place of safety.

Charge after charge of dynamite exploded and the reports shook the ground. Burning timbers and fragments of the building were thrown a hundred feet in the air, and every one kept at a safe distance. After every explosion there would be a perfect hail of bolts, nuts, pieces of horse shoes, chains, nails, and scrap iron, showing that Ettlinger had been fully prepared to withstand a siege, and had manufactured these bombs with the expectation of a raid by the officers. He had carefully planned his campaign, and had bombs placed under every window in the house, so that he could run to the window and pick up the bomb and throw it out upon any invaders who sought to arrest him. The house was well supplied with amunition, and when the fire reached the cartridges their explosion resembled the discharge of a hundred guns. The explosions kept up for some time and it was not until the building had been burned to the ground that the crowd ventured near.

Across the alley from Ettlinger's house stood a building which he proposed using as a planing mill, and close by were several other buildings. To keep these from being destroyed Woodward had one of the largest bucket brigades, that ever attended a fire in Centre county. The stable on the back part of the lot, machine shop, and dwelling were burned to the ground. No effort was made to recover any of the personal property from the dwelling, and beyond a few articles nothing was saved. None wished to risk their lives, knowing that the house was filled from garret to cellar with explosives.

Both bodies were taken charge of by the county coroner, Dr. G. S. Frank, of Millheim, and an inquest held over them. He summoned the following named jurors on the body of Barner: Samuel Motz, W. H. Meyer, Dr. Diehl, Dr. J. F. Harter, W. H. Phillips, and C. H. Morris. Their verdict was that "John Barner came to his death by receiving two gun shot wounds, and having his throat cut, at the hands of some person unknown."

On the body of William Ettlinger: F. P. Musser, Dr. H. C. Braucht, Jonathan Harter, M. C. Gephart, A. A. Frank and C. W. Albright, acted as jurors; it is needless to say what their verdict was.

The body of the misguided Ettlinger was placed in a rough box, and buried at the foot of the mountain to sleep in oblivion, no one to mourn his untimely death, or no one to shed a tear at his departure, his friends refusing to own him or to hold funeral obsequies over his remains. The overseers of poor Haines township took the body in charge, and without any funeral ceremonies, buried it in the outskirts of the village a few hours after his death.

Mrs. Ettlinger being interviewed by our reporter a day or so after the crime related the following description and the part she played: "When I saw Mr. Barner come I took the two children and ran up stairs to my husband, first locking the doors of the house. Upon being ordered by Mr. Barner to open the door I refused to do so. He then broke the front door in, and came to the stair door which was also locked. He broke a panel in of the stair door, and attempted to force an entrance through it, holding a lighted lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other. When he had his head through the opening, Ettlinger from the top of the stairs fired two loads of buckshot into his head. After he had fired the first shot he thought it had not killed Barner, so he shot again. Soon after my husband descended the stairs and said he "would finish the son of a bitch," and cut his throat, and came up stairs and told me that he intended to shoot me now and then shoot himself. He told me to call some of the neighbors to come for the children, and then he would shoot me. I told him that none of the neighbors would come near to our house at that time. He then got the shackles and put them on my feet so I would not run away from him, and made me go up on the garret and take the children with me. While up on the garret I walked to one of the windows and one of the guards seeing me shot at me, the ball just cutting the skin open on my face a little below the right ear.

"After being on the garret the greater part of the afternoon he commanded me to bring the children down on the second floor. He then told the children that they would now have to leave us, that he would shoot their mother and then himself. The children then began to cry, and tried to protect me by putting their heads on my head, and their arms about my neck, and tried to shield me from his fury.

"On Thursday night we all slept on the floor in a hall, at the head of the stairs, setting up a heavy mattress and some building paper to protect us from the rifle balls that were pouring in on us from the outside. My husband slept soundly the greater part of Thursday night notwithstanding all the firing from the guns outside.

"We remained up stairs till the next morning, till we saw that the sheriff was there with his posse. Then he told me we would go down in the cellar; that they, the sheriff, might set fire to the house and that would be our safest place of retreat.

"To go down stairs I had to slide from step to step, not being able to walk with the shackles on. When I came to the door Barner was still in the panel and I was compelled to creep over his dead body. After we were in the cellar we remained there till the house was in flames, he shooting out through the window of the cellar at the crowd outside. When we saw the flames gaining headway on the building he loosened one of the shackles and told me to set the children free and then come back, and then I should shoot him and he would shoot me simultaneously. But I refused to do this, saying, 'I never had committed murder before, and I would not do so now,' and that I could not drag his body out if I did shoot him. I said that I would die with him outside where our bodies would not be consumed by the fire, but this he would not consent to.

"I then got the children and brought them out at the cellar door, and sat upon the cellar door, waiting for him to come out, but he commanded me to come back, but I did not go. He then said he would shoot himself and fired at the crowd instead. I firmly believed that he had shot himself and then started to get away from the burning building, knowing that it was loaded with dynamite.

"I think that he fired the shot to fool me, thinking that I would return to the cellar to get his body out, and then he would have shot me and then himself. I was certain that I would be shot before the tragedy was ended, and had consigned myself to my fate, thinking it inevitable, that I must die.

Upon being asked about the dynamite he had placed in the house she said: "He had it so arranged that if any person would have entered the house, they would have been blown up. He had at least a dozen and half sticks up stairs all charged, and about the same amount in the cellar. If a raid had been made on the house it might have cost many lives. The sheriff did a wise thing in not making a hasty attack on the house as some had urged him to do," as subsequent events proved.

Summing it all up the only wonder is that not more lives were lost, Ettlinger being always considered a dead shot. Ira Gramley in rescuing his wife was in full view of Ettlinger, but he did shoot at him. Clark Gramley, of Rebersburg on Friday afternoon was standing at his shop window looking towards the house when Ettlinger shot, the ball whizzing past his head in very close proximity. Martin Gilbert while on picket duty in Frank Guisewite's blacksmith shop, a ball passed his head nipping his ear, and making him reel. John Musser, of Woodwarn, another guard, while he and K. H. Stover of Coburn were on picket duty Ettlinger sent a load of buckchot after them, one of them passing through Mr. Stover's overcoat, and one hitting Mr. Musser on the neck, making a slight flesh wound.

Ettlinger also shot several times at Daniel Engle, one of his bondsmen, but missed him every time. He shot many times and threw out several charges of dynamite into the crowd, yet he did not wound more than one man seriously.

The affair created intense excitement far and wide and had Ettlinger surrendered himself to the sheriff, it would have been a serious question whether he would have been able to take him away alive, as threats of lynching were freely engaged in, especially after the horribly mutilated body of Barner had been rescued. The crime which Ettlinger committed and his defiant attitude against arrest is the blackest in the annals of criminal history.

Mr. Barner was a hard working industrious man, quiet and peaceable, not harming any one. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his horrible death and a whole community to regret his noble sacrifice of his life for their benefit. He was a martyr in every sense of the term. For he did not fear death in the performance of his duty.

The ages of his children are as follows: Lizzie, twelve years, Katie, seven years, George F., five years, and Robert, four and one-half months of age. His age was 37 years, 2 months and 20 days. He was married to Rebecca Vonada, thirteen years ago. Over a year ago he united with the Evangelical church at Woodward and since then has taken an active part in all church work. He was also a member of the Young People's Alliance of of that place. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Woodward on Monday forenoon, followed by a large concourse of people. Rev Shortiss conducted the funeral services. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in Woodward.

Thus two men in the prime of life, were ushered into eternity by the diabolical act of a man, who was not much unlike a mad man when his passions were excited; but one redeeming feature about it is that the one was his own, and that the community can now feel that their lives are no longer in jeopardy from him.

It is reported John Geisewite has blood poison. It is not correct. He is getting along as well as can be expected.

It was reported that the body of Ettlinger had been stolen by medical students. The grave of the outlaw was examined and up to Tuesday had not been disturbed.

Mrs. Ettlinger was anxious that her husband be buried in the Woodward cemetery and offered five dollars for a lot, and then ten, but her request was refused.

One informant says that since Mrs. Ettlinger's escape, she revealed, that her husband had a large quantity of poison in the house, with which to poison the water in the reservoir that supplies the village, because all the inhabitants were unfriendly to him. If true, it is horrible to contemplete how narrow an escape these good people have made of being poisoned.

The poison for poisoning the village water, consisted of arsenic and strichnine, put up in small sacks to run through the water pipes, as Mrs. Ettlinger tells. She also alleges the reason her husband fired into the school was to hit the children of Robert Wolf, knowing the seat they occupied, on account of his hatred of Wolf. She also says the reason he shot Geisewite, was because he put Ettlinger out of his blacksmith shop while abusing his father-in-law, Benner, in there.

Some years ago Ettlinger built a house. It was rumored that he had built several secret hiding places in it. Since the tragedy the rumor gained more ground. The property was sold by Ettlinger five or six years ago to another party in Woodward. A day or two ago an examination was made of the house, and on the stairway to the second floor, the third step from the top was found loose, and turned over. Here opened a space large enough for safe hiding of a large man. On the steps were fastened two straps to fasten down the step from the inside. The trap was cunningly planned.

The fiend had pinned $85 in bank bills upon the dress of the four year old daughter, just before he had directed the hobbled mother to emit their little ones from the burning home—there still was the spark of parental love left in the monster's breast. On his own person were found $30. He also possessed a fine gold watch and chain. This he fastened on the little boy before they were sent out of the cellar.

One night, recently, about bed time, there was a loud rap at the door of Nicodemus Lose, a farmer, living about one mile west of Woodward. Mr. Lose in his stocking feet went to the door, opened it, and before him in the dark stood a large man, armed to the teeth, Winchester rifle on his shoulder, two revolvers dangling from his side and belt filled with cartridges and a savage looking knife strapped around his body. The visitor was invited in, and Mr. Lose at once recognized him as Ettlinger, and asked him to be seated. The desperado then calmly entered into conversation with Mr. Lose to induce him to purchase his engine near by, before another party made a levy upon it, adding, "If they levy on it, I'll blow the whole d— thing to h—l with dynamite." He then left peaceably greatly to the relief of Mr. Lose.

Upon another occasion, when his wife had left him on account of his abuse, he hired Mr. Van Valin's rig to drive into the country, and accidentally met his wife and father-in-law in a buggy coming in an opposite direction, and stopping them, under coarse language declared his wife must get into his buggy and go home with him. She was scared to obey and he drove a short distance, when he stopped, tied his horse to the fence and made her follow him to the mountain, perhaps to his secret place of hiding, and after dark stealthily returned with her to his home, and did not allow her to show herself for over a week, and Van Valin's horse having been found tied to the fence, led to suspicion he had murdered his wife in the mountain. This was his object, to get the neighborhood excited. People searched the mountain for the body of the supposed murdered wife, much to the gratification of Ettlinger at the success of the mean trick he had played, and after a week's suspense he made known his wife could be found at home, which was verified by persons calling there to ascertain the fact. The woman was seen and explained she had been at home all the while and her husband had not harmed her. This declaration, it is thought, she was forced to make under his instructions. Some people down there informed us there is strong suspicion he caused the death of his first wife.

The limbs of the trees on the Ettlinger premises are cut into shreds by the bullets. A squad was stationed in the woods close to the rear of the house and kept firing from there.

The shots fired by Ettlinger during the siege, seemed always directed at some enemy he had, rather than at the crowd, which was so large that he could not have failed to kill some one at almost every fire; occasionally a ball would whizz close to one standing near an enemy of the outlaw. The firing at the house was almost continuous and it was completely riddled and there was not a glass left in the windows. A squad of sharp-shooters was placed in the church about 200 feet distant, and these shot whenever they thought there was a chance of doing execution. One man peeped from behind a stable and fired, and barely had his head drawn back when a ball from Ettlinger's Winchester whistled close to his face, and he remarked, "Begat sell wor mer ordlich necht, ich geps now uff."

Ettlinger kept on the watch and always went armed to the teeth, to defend himself in case of an attempt to arrest him. He was a walking arsenal and his enemies were in constant fear of him. The shots he fired from his house last Thursday and Friday appeared to be mainly directed at enemies as he spied them in the crowd.

The crowd that had gathered into the picturesque little hamlet, varied in numbers from 1000 to 2000, and soon depleted the stores and homes of eatables, the citizens shared their own supplies from cellar and larder to feed the hungry. Neither citizens nor visitors had any sleep while the war lasted.

The wife, after her escape from the house, told that during the night her husband ordered her to go to the cellar and bring him something to eat; to do this she had to grope her way in the dark and crawl over the bloody and mutilated corpse of the murdered constable Barner, before she could reach the cellar, and that she could hear the blood spurt and gurgle in his throat. Horrible!

The house in which Ettlinger lived had only recently been purchased by a Mr. Goodman, and we are informed constable Barner was to occupy it in April, and that Ettlinger made the declaration, "I will move out of the house but Barner will never move in."

The burned house not belonging to Ettlinger, will have to be paid for by the county, but the personal property burned and belonging to Ettlinger, will not be paid for as his attitude was that of a public enemy, defying law, hence forfeiting all right to protection or redress, had he lived.

The railroad company charged the county $45 for the special train to take the sheriff and his deputies from Bellefonte to Coburn and return, which was reasonable; pay was demanded at Coburn before the train would run back, and after some messaging over the matter, commissioners' clerk R. F. Hunter, one of the posse, issued a county check for the emergency.

A reliable citizen of Woodward related to us a serio-comic incident of a scheme of Ettlinger's to get revenge upon some of his enemies. Having a grudge at several young fellows in Woodward, he planned upon revenge. A revival meeting being in progress at Woodward, some of these hated ones were at the mourners' bench, and Ettlinger, under the pretense of being a penitent, also kneeled at the bench between his enemies. He worked himself into a fictitious excitement under the influence of the "spirit" and his powerful arms began to deal severe and rapid blows right and left about the heads of those beside him at the bench as to effectually punish them, using the opportunity to get even with them by blows from his fists as their faces were bowed as mourners.

Mrs. Ettlinger in her interviews with our representatives, both immediately after her escape and again more fully on Sunday, was free in telling us about the horrible affair, and kept remarkably well in nerve and composure.

Some are inclined to think allowance must be made for Mrs. Ettlinger's hand in the affair as she was commanded by a brutal husband. Most of the folks down there, however, believe her to be a bad lot.

The good people of Woodward are now relieved from a constant terror they were in and pray never again to have such an experience.

The wife related that while she and the children lay in a hall in the centre of the house for safety, spent bullets several times dropped down upon her head and she would brush them from her hair. Later the cellar was taken as a place of safety.

It is alleged that a short time before this trouble broke out, Ettlinger had written to attorney Gray in Bellefonte, offering to have the difficulty settled and pay the amount involved. It is to be regretted that this was not done.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 19, 1895.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9.18 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday For Sunbury, Willkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.50 p. m., New York, 5.53 p m., Baltimore, 3.10 p m., Washington, 4.30 p. m. connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.30 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m., New York. 9.23 p. m., Baltimore, 6.15 p. m., Washington at 7.30 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.04 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 11.15 p m., New York 3.53 a. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

7.58 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.33 a m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m., New York, 9.33 a. m. week days, 10.35 a. m. Sunday, Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.40, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.37 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo, Erie, Elmira and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars to Erie and Elmira, and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17 a. m.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.59 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. (Daily except Sunday) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.15 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore 8.53 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.30 a m, Phila., 12.25 p m; Washington at 10.30 a m, Baltimore at 11.40 a m, Wilkesbarre, 3.17 p m, arriving at Montandon at 5.59 p m, week days, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2.10 p m, week days, 2.00 p. m Sunday, Philadelphia 4.40 p m, week days, 4.30 p. m., Sundays, Washington 3.15 p m, Baltimore 4.45 p m, arriving at Montandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore 11.50 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.37 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

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Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	P.M.	A.M.		A M	P.M.	P M
1 58		5 40	Montandon	9 10		4 55
2 08		6 15	Lewisburg	9 00		4 47
2 17		6 23	Biehl	8 52		4 39
2 22		6 28	Vicksburg	8 47		4 35
2 31		6 37	Mifflinburg	8 38		4 27
2 43		6 50	Millmont	8 25		4 15
2 51		6 58	Glen Iron	8 17		4 07
3 20		7 27	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 40
3 30		7 38	Coburn	7 38		3 30
3 37		7 45	Zerby	7 30		3 23
3 47		7 55	Rising Spring	7 21		3 14
3 53		8 02	Penn Cave	7 14		3 07
4 01		8 09	Centre Hall	7 06		3 01
4 07		8 16	Gregg	7 00		2 54
4 13		8 23	Linden Hall	6 52		2 47
4 18		8 28	Oak Hall	6 47		2 42
4 22		8 32	Lemont	6 43		2 37
4 27		8 37	Dale Summit	6 38		2 32
4 37		8 47	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 23
4 40		8 50	Axemann	6 25		2 20
4 45		8 55	Bellefonte	6 20		2 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.15, 5 45 and 7.40 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a. m, 10.19 a m, 5.07 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8 00 p m

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 10.18 a. m. and 8.00 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 10.23 a. m. and 8.05 p. m.

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THE NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Oldhouse, a carpenter, and five children were burned to death in Alma, Wis.——The courthouse at Wayne, W. Va., was burned; loss, $50,000. The records were saved.——Three green goods men—Charles Herd, E. Grevias Vogle and Frank Smith—were arrested in Chicago.——Lieutenant Barrett, of the Royal Navy Reserves, has been appointed to the command of the fleet of the Allen Line.——The United Trust Company, of New York, entered suit in Philadelphia, against the United States Cordage Company and its receivers.——Wm. Etlinger, of Woodward, Pa., killed himself after a desperate fight with a posse of deputies, who finally forced him from his house by setting it on fire ——At New Haven, Ct., application was made for a receiver for the Barnard & Sons Company, of Waterbury, manufacturers of shears. The concern is capitalized at $30,000.——Dr. W. M. L. Coplin, of Vanderbilt University, has been appointed professor of pathology and bacteriology of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.——Compressed air has been introduced as a power in the Pullman palace car shops.——A gas well at Mannington, W. Va., broke loose and caught fire with terrible results. Pat Quinn was burned to death. T. J. McLaughlin fatally burned. Six others were seriously burned.

Jokithi Uchida, a Japanese student at Conell College, Mt. Vernon, committed suicide.——Work is being hurried on the new warships being built at the Cramps' shipyard.——The barge Nile, of New London, was sunk, and Fred White, of Norfolk, was drowned.——The schooner Willie Ann was wrecked on the Texas coast, and the entire crew went down.——The will of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Groff, containing many bequests for church purposes, was filed in Philadelphia. ——The Illinois Supreme Court allowed the Chicago Gas Trust to file a petition for mandamus to compel the Secretary of the State to issue it a license to incorporate. The writ was made returnable in October, but may be brought up at this term of court.——The thirty-third session of the Washington Annual Conference was begun in Charleston, W. Va. Governor MacCorkle made an address.——Henry Shepherd, of near Shepherdstown, W. Va., was struck by a freight train and died from the injuries received.——Captain Orvin Jenks, of Morgantown, W. Va., slipped and fell, sustaining injuries to his spine, which resulted in his death.——H. C. Flood, member of the Virginia state Senate, struck W. M. Flannagan, a fellow member, with a heavy walking stick.——Three hundred tons of side armor were shipped by Bethlehem Iron Company to Russia.——The official dock trial of the torpedo boat Ericsson was begun at New London, Ct.——General William Moffatt Reilly, who died in Philadelphia last week, left a fund for the erection of statues to revolutionary heroes in front of the Independence Hall.——Tests of the Roentgen rays in the interest of medicine and surgery were made under the direction of the editors of the American Journal of the Medical Sciences.

The date of the execution of H. H. Holmes convicted of murdering Benjamin F. Pitezel, has been fixed for May 7.——The Northwestern Normal School, with an enrollment of 400 students from almost every state in the Union, burned at Stansbury, Mo. Loss $50,000; insurance $20,000. The students all escaped, but lost their personal effects.——Hayden Compton, aged thirty-five years, was killed by his uncle, James Stevens, at Turkey Foot Church, West Virginia.——Andrew Wharton killed his wife in St. Louis. ——Eastern creditors of the Waldo Park Motor Railway Company of Kansas City have asked that a receiver be appointed for the property. The liabilities amount to about $75,000, more than half of which amount is represented by the complaining creditors. ——The Comptroller of the Currency at Washington has authorized the Second National Bank of Uniontown, Pa., to begin business; capital $50,000. A letter has been received from Clara Barton saying she had received full permission from the Porte to go into Armenia.——The Memphis and Charleston Railroad will be reorganized.——At Cleveland, Bushrod Kelch, who shot and killed his divorced wife last fall, was convicted of murder in the first degree.——McDonald & West, wholesale grocers at Fort Wayne, Ind., assigned; liabilities $80,000 to $100,000; assets $60,000 to $70,000. The firm's indebtedness in Fort Wayne in paper is heavy.——The Virginia legislature adjourned.——Mabel Sullivan, aged twenty-eight years, a music teacher, was murdered in Paterson, N. J.

The Hyland Candy Factory, a large five-story structure in Cincinnati, O., was burned causing a total loss of over $50,000; insurance, $25,000.——Fire was caused by an explosion of benzine in the hat factory of Siegman & Mable, in Danbury, Ct. It spread rapidly and did damage amounting to fully $200,000. One fireman was killed.——J. P. Massey, cashier of the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank of Waco, Texas, was arrested on the charge of misappropriating funds.——The murdered body of Michael Lannon, of Cold Point, Pa., was placed on the car tracks of the Schuylkill Valley Traction Company.——Thomas J. Ford, the ex-State House superintendent in Trenton, N. J., was sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000.——The Central Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago made an assignment.——Five men were seriously burned by the explosion of a gasoline tank in the engine department of the Racine Hardware Company's works near Milwaukee, Wis. The gasoline set fire to the buildings and caused a loss of $150,000.——The floods in Maine and New Hampshire partly subsided. Ten to fifteen thousand persons are thrown out of work temporarily be the flood damage to the mills.

DIPHTHERIA FROM A CAT.

Six Persons Lost Their Lives and Schools Were Closed by the Disease.

Dr. James A. Stuart, of Baltimore, secretary of the State Board of Health, and Dr. James H. Jamar, of Elkton, secretary of the local board, visited Woodlawn, to investigate the diptheria epidemic at that place. It is their opinion that the disease originated from a pet cat.

There have been seventeen cases of the disease. Six resulted fatally, the others are improving. Of the six deaths, five were in one family. The schools in the neighborhood have all been closed.

WAR IS THE CRY.

Mob Stones The United States Consulate at Barcelona.

MOVEMENT FOR VIOLENCE.

Police Charge the Mob at Barcelona and Disperse the Rioters—Great Excitement in Madrid—Hatred Againt This Country.

The fever of indignation and hate against the United States which seems to have taken possession of the heart of all Spain over the action of the United States Senate in recognizing the Provisional Government of Cuba as belligerents and in calling upon President Cleveland to use his good offices with Spain to secure the independence of Cuba, culminated in violent scenes in Barcelona, and an attack upon the United States Consulate.

The trouble did not arise out of the spontaneous formation of the mob which did the violence, but was the outcome of a public meeting which had been influenced by fervid speeches.

The public demonstration to protest against the United States Senate's action was organized by men of all shades of political sentiment.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the meeting had assembled and there were fully 15,000 people present, all in a state of high patriotic enthusiasm and ripe for any manifestation of the emotions which possessed them.

They were addressed by the orators provided for the occasion, and the purpose of the meeting explained as one of protest against the recognition of the Cuban Government as a belligerent power by the United States Senate. The spirit of the crowd took fire, and they set off for the United States Consulate. The leaders who had originated the meeting seem to have realized the serious consequences that might follow upon a demonstration that took this direction, and they made every effort to dissuade the mob from its purpose. But their utmost efforts were of no avail, and the crowd set off for the United States Consulate.

The authorities of the city had, by this time, taken alarm and a force of police was sent to the Consulate. The excited crowd was not intimidated by this show of force from gathering before the Consulate and shouting "Long live Spain," and "Down with the Yankees."

These verbal missiles did not long satisfy the aroused passions of the mob, and in a short time stones began flying from the crowd, which broke a number of windows in the United States Consulate.

The force of police waited for no further demonstration, but charged the crowd under the orders of their officers and roughly dispersed them, wounding several. So far as learned there were no fatal results.

Being driven away from the United States Consulate, the crowd marched off to the perfecture of police and gathered at the newspaper offices. There they listened to more perfervid oratory, and got themselves worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and patriotic spirit.

The military club in the city was also a centre of excitement, and there were also glowing speeches indulged in to the honor of the army, which were eagerly listened to and greeted with loud cheers.

The majority of those who took part in the disorders are found to have been students, and they were most persistent in keeping up the disorders.

The police were obliged to charge the crowd again and again before they succeeded in clearing the streets of the rioters. After they were driven from the streets they proceeded to the Governor's palace, intending to present to that functionary their protest against the action of the United States Senate.

The persons that took part in the disorderly demonstrations have clearly had the sympathies of the people with them. The onlookers from the neighboring houses cheered them with the greatest enthusiasm. The balconies and windows were filled with ladies waving their handkerchiefs as the students passed through the streets.

When they arrived before the United States Consulate they found that a strong body of police had occupied the entrance of the staircase leading to the roof of the Consulate. The riotous students tried to force an entrance, but they were repulsed by mounted gendarmes. A lieutenant of the gendarmes was wounded by a stone thown from the crowd.

The students publicly tore up a number of American flags which they had purchased in the town.

SPAIN'S PROMPT DISAVOWAL.

Expressed Deep Regret at the Action of the Barcelona Mob.

Official dispatches from Madrid and Barcelona to the Department of State, while showing a bitter feeling among the Spaniards, indicate that the press reports of the disturbances were somewhat exaggerated. There was no trouble in Madrid beyond a few rowdies shouting in the streets. In Barcelona a party of students, becoming excited by the speeches delivered at a meeting of citizens called to protest against the action of the United States Senate in passing the Cuban resolutions, marched down the street on which the consulate stands, and threw stones at it. No material damage was done. The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs called upon Minister Taylor at the United States Legation at Madrid, made the most ample apology, and offered any reparation that was desired.

Secretary of State Olney was officially advised of the outbreak in the following cablegram from United States Minister Hannis Taylor, at Madrid:

Minister of State has called to express deep regret that mob has insulted Barcelona consulate—breaking windows—and offered complete reparation. He informed me that government on its own motion had taken every precaution to guard legation and my residence. I have asked no protection.

Senor de Lome, the Spanish Minister, was early informed of the trouble at home, and lost no time in communicating to Secretary Olney the facts, with an assurance that his government could be relied upon to do everything that the proprieties required to atone for the insult offered to our consulate.

A DESPERATE OUTLAW.

Resisted Officers All Night and Finally Killed Himself.

William Etlinger, charged with assault on Benjamin Benner, his father-in-law, barricaded himself in his house in Woodward, a village in the extreme eastern section of Centre county, Pa., and resisted all night the officers of the law who came to arrest him. A fusillade of bullets was kept up and one of the officers was killed. Finally the house was set on fire. As it was about to fall in ruins Etlinger stepped out and shot himself, falling dead.

William Etlinger had long been known as a man who would hesitate at nothing. Last fall he was arrested for an assault on his father-in-law, Benjamin Benner, whom he nearly scalped with a billet of cord wood. He was brought to jail, but soon secured bondsmen. When the case was called for trial, Etlinger was not to be found. He had fled to a cave in the mountain fastnesses which hem in the village.

Constable John Barner learned that the fugitive had surreptitiously slipped down to his home. He took Deputies Motz and Hosterman with him to make the arrest. They reached the little shanty to find Etlinger with his wife and three-year-old daughter and two-year-old son barricaded in the second story. They went up stairs and broke in a panel of the door. Barner had crawled half way through the aperture when a shot rang from Etlinger's gun, and the constable fell dead with a bullet in his head. His deputies fled in terror.

The news spread quickly and the whole town turned out. Men gathered up all the fire arms they could find and ran for the Etlinger house, but shots from the man and his wife within warned them not to go too close.

During the afternoon he shot Frank Guiswhite, who was sick in his house next door, one buckshot taking effect in the head, the other in the shoulder and a little later fired from an upstairs window into the home of Mrs. Robert Miller, just across the street. The ball just missed the old lady and lodged in the window sill over which she was leaning.

A perfect fusilade was kept up between the guard that was constantly being augmented as the news spread throughout the valley and fully five hundred shots had been fired before dark.

About dark Mrs. Etlinger was seen to approach a window and light a fuse attached to a dynamite bomb which she intended to hurl into the crowd, when some one fired at the flash, and she threw up her hands and fell backward.

The sheriff and his posse of sixteen men arrived on the scene by special train from Bellefonte at 8 15, but were unable to accomplish anything. All night long an interchange of shots was kept up. Early the next morning the sheriff wired the commissioners in Bellefonte for an additional posse of twenty-five, but was authorized to deputize men from the crowd. Several raids were made on the house; but the besiegers were repulsed by the flying bullets

Eventually it was determined to burn him out. The torch was applied and the crowd, in breathless excitement, watched the creeping flames and waited the denouement. They did not have long to wait, for the woman with her two children were soon forced to flee to escape death in the flames, but Etlinger lingered behind. It was thought he intended to die in the house, but just when the building was about to collapse he appeared at the cellar door and straightway the officers called on him to surrender. He did not answer, but, with a determination begotten by despair, he put a pistol to his head and blew out his brains. The body of the constable was then recovered from the burning building.

CABLE SPARKS.

The Chinese government has an offer of a loan from French financiers.

The Italian ministry announced its resignation, which was accepted by the King.

Dr. Buhl, who was vice-president of the German Reichstag in 1889, died at Deidesheim

A demonstration in favor of permanent arbitration between Great Britain and the United States was held in London.

By a fire in a coal mine in Prussian Silesia one hundred men were imprisoned. Over twenty bodies have been recovered.

Martial law has been declared in the portions of Nicaragua now in revolt A decisive battle with the insurgents is expected in a few days.

The congregation of Oxford University has rejected, by a vote of 215 to 240, a resolution to allow women to take the degree of bachelor of arts.

So far seventy-one bodies have been recovered from the burning mine in Prussian Silesia and it is thought many more are still underground.

Later news from Africa indicates that the loss of life was not as heavy as was at first feared, many stragglers having succeeded in reaching camp.

The conference of Australian financiers declared in favor of the need for colonial federation as essential to any complete scheme of Australian defense.

Mrs. Runyon, widow of the late United States ambassador to Germany, and her daughters had a farewell luncheon with the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

The French Chamber of Deputies has adopted the project for a new submarine telegraph line between France, the United States and the Antilles.

President Faure unveiled a monument to celebrate the anniversary of the annexation of Nice to France. There was a brilliant ceremony, followed by a banquet

During the course of a debate on the sugar bill in the Reichstag Herr Staudy urged a direct tax on sugar and energetic action against the United States, which, he claimed did not give fair treatment to German sugar.

Scenes of wild excitement were witnessed throughout Italy as news of the terrible defeat of the army in Africa became known. It is now admitted that 5,000 Italians were slain, while an unconfirmed report places the loss at double this number.

ARMY MASSACRED.

At Least Five Thousand Italians Were Killed.

THE MINISTRY DENOUNCED.

Anger of the Populace—Demonstrations Against the War in Africa Made in All Parts of the Empire.

A cable dispatch from Rome says the kingdom of Italy is in a condition of excitement, grief and anger beyond description. Words cannot adequately portray the situation, for every despatch received from Massowah adds to the gravity of the disaster to the Italian army at Adowa, Abyssinia.

When the first news of General Baratieri's defeat reach d Rome report had it that only 500 men were killed; then, the numbers ran up to 3,000 killed, with 60 pieces of artillery captured, and the latest dispatches place the number of Italians killed at the battle of Adowa, and in the long, harassing retreat which followed, at 5,000, and it is believed that not even these figures tell of the full extent of the disaster.

In these reports no mention is made of the wounded, and there is good reason, based on stories of recent Italian defeats by the Abyssinians, that those who fell wounded during the retreat of over 50 miles met a more horrible fate than those who were killed on the spot.

The garrison at Rome was kept under arms and mounted patrols traversed the principal streets.

A number of disturbances which have called for police interference have occurred. The indications are that the people are assuming a most threatening attitude, not only in Rome, but throughout Italy. Demonstrations against the Crispi Ministry, and even against the crown, are reported from a number of towns in the provinces, in spite of the fact that the authorities are straining every nerve to suppress all alarming news.

It is said that the government was aware of the full extent of the defeat inflicted upon the Italians, but it was judged to be dangerous to allow the startling information to reach the public suddenly, and so first the report of the defeat was permitted to leak out, then the war office officials allowed it to be "rumored" that 500 men were killed; after this came the report that 3,000 soldiers had fallen, and now it is "admitted" that 5,000 Italian troops were slain "In addition to severe loss among the native troops" serving under the flag of Italy. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that the wildest kind of rumors are in circulation, and that in some of the clubs the number of killed and wounded is placed at 10,000. Exaggerated as these figures may turn out to be they show the state of the public mind in Rome.

Later Details.

Further details received attend to confirm the most alarming reports circulated, although the exact number of men killed is not yet announced.

General Baratieri's force consisted of 16 battalions of white troops (Italian's), 6 battalions of native troops and 12 batteries of artillery.

Since the defeat no news has been received from General Dabormida's brigade, which was composed of seven white battalions and four batteries of artillery.

Generals Bibertone and Arimondi and their brigades are also missing and it is believed that they have been annihilated.

It is almost impossible to describe the state of excitement in Rome, and no such scenes have been witnessed since the occupation of the city by the Italian troops.

The whole country appears to be as excited as the inhabitants of the capital, and it is reported the rioting occurred in several cities. The press censor, however, is holding back all dispatches liable to increase the state of alarm prevailing, and some time must elapse before the real truth is known.

The offices and residences of all the ministers are guarded and the guards at the palace have been doubled.

In the main thoroughfares shouting crowds assemble every now and then, calling for the downfall of the ministry, only to be dispersed by the police. Numerous arrests have been made and the police escorting the prisoners to the different depots have been in several cases roughly handled by the mobs.

There was serious conflict between the police and a mob which seemed bent upon making a demonstration before the palace The national flag was carried draped with crape and there were cries of "Down with the ministers," "Down with Crispi," "Death to Bartatieri"

The newspapers report that the ministry resolved that they would resign rather than face the crisis. Premier Crispi, it is further reported informed King Humbert of the decision arrived at.

Further details tell of violent scenes enacted at different points all over Italy, which the government has sought in vain to prevent the publication of. The alarmist rumors are confirmed by the latter reports and the whole of Italy seems to be in the hands of the aroused populace, indignant at the government which is apparently powerless to quell the outbreaks of wrath.

The ministry has announced its resignation in the Chamber of Deputies and Premier Crispi added that it had been accepted by the King. The resignation was accompanied by an adroit political move which leaves the present ministry in control of affairs until their successors shall have been chosen, much to the dissatisfaction of the opposition Deputies, who had prepared to make inflammatory speeches against the government. These were all cut off by the hurried adjournment of the chambers.

The havoc wrought by the Cuban insurgents in the province of Pinor del Rio is said to be appalling. Thirteen towns have been burned and the rich tobacco district of Vuelto Abajo has been reduced to a desolate wilderness by the torch. Thousands of people are homeless and starving.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

Miss Jennie Salisbury, aged 19 years, who resides on Meylert avenue, had a close call to death at the Delaware & Hudson Station at Green Ridge. She was crossing the railroad track behind a train pulling out of the station when another train came rushing in. Miss Salisbury was struck by the pilot of the engine and thrown high in the air, landing on the station platform. She has several ugly gashes about the head, but will recover.

Fire broke out in the pressing room of the Enterprise Hosiery Mill, at Royersford, destroying the plant. Only the brick walls of the large three-story structure now remain. Large quantities of yarn and Spring goods ready for shipment were stored in the basement and could not be saved. For a time it looked as though the new hosiery mill of E. Emmers & Co., together with the lumber and coal yards would be burned, but the Royersford and Spring City firemen worked nobly in the biting cold and within an hour had the flames under control. There is an insurance of $6000 on the mill and $35,000 on stock and contents, but it is thought this will not cover the loss by several thousand dollars.

An unknown man, evidently a foreigner, appeared at the Morea Colliery office, Ashland, and applied for work. Upon being informed by the outside foreman that he could not be accommodated he went to the inside foreman, but received the same reply. He seemed very much disappointed at the result of his efforts to secure employment and walked slowly away. Half an hour later he was found at the mouth of the shaft peering into the dark abyss below. He seemed nervous and excited and two of the employees at the head of the shaft walked toward him. As they drew near he deliberately jumped down the shaft, at the bottom of which his dead and terribly mangled body was found twenty minutes later.

The family of Francis Walker had a narrow escape from death at their home in Chester. A coal oil lamp which had been left burning all night exploded about 2 o'clock and set fire to the house. When Mr. and Mrs. Walker discovered the fire the hallway was ablaze, and their escape was cut off. They were rescued from a window after an exciting time. The house, which belonged to George Walker, and was located at Sixth and Lamokin streets, was totally destroyed.

The barbette for the new battleship Iowa, just completed at the Homestead Steel Works, has been shipped to Philadelphia, nine specially constructed cars being required for its transportation. It consists of nine plates, 16½ inches thick, 6 feet high, weighing 99,000 pounds.

Annie Harris, a girl of 15 years of age, who was employed in one of the South Side silk mills, was instantly killed while returning from work. Miss Harris was passing over the steel works crossing of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, when she was run down and killed. She resided with her parents on Back Road, West Side.

Mrs. Magdalena Loeb, widow of Isaac Loeb, who is 82 years of age, fell down a flight of stairs at the home of her son, in Lebanon, and sustained fractures of both arms and serious injuries internally and about the head. She will die.

Search in the ruins of the barn of George K. Herr, in Pequea Township, which was destroyed by fire, developed the presence of human bones. The supposition is that they are the remains of a tramp who was spending the night in the stable. It is probable that the victim was the cause of the fire. The coroner made an investigation, but nothing could be adduced looking to the identification of the body. A theory advanced by some is that the corpse was that of the insane man who escaped from the county asylum, of whom nothing has been heard.

George Karlitsky a Hungarian suffering with delirium tremens had a narraw escape from cremation at Shenandoah. Karlitsky was arrested early in the evening and locked up in the station house. About 1 o'clock in the morning the building was discovered to be on fire and the fire department had all they could do to save it from destruction. Karlitsky and another prisoner who was confined in an adjoining cell were rescued but were almost suffocated when they were taken out. An examination revealed the fact that Karlitsky had started the fire. The building was damaged to the extent of $500

Arrangements are being made in Harrisburg to start "the free potato patch" scheme of Mayor Pingree, of Detroit. The matter will no doubt be carried on under the auspices of the Harrisburg Benevolent Society. Already a number of owners of unoccupied ground in the city stand ready to loan it for cultivation purposes for the benefit of the poor.

Levi N. Knauer, a foreman in the construction department of the Cofrode & Saylor, Philadelphia Bridge Works, at Pottstown, was instantly killed by the bursting of a revolving emery wheel while at work. The wheel was a new one and had just been put in operation. Deceased was about 45 years of age and was a foreman in the employ of the company for twenty years.

The large bank barn of George K Herr, in Pequea Township, was destroyed by fire, together with a large quantity of grain and hay, farm implements and adjoining buildings. Nineteen fat cattle also perished in the flames Loss, $5,000; partly insured. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

Civil Service Laws.

Two radical amendments to the civil-service laws were favorably acted upon by the House committee on reform in the civil service and will be reported to the House. They make it a penal offense for officials to refuse to carry into effect the law commanding that a preference be given to war veterans in making appointments or to remove or dismiss employes because of their political affiliations.

Bond Companies Barred From the Mails.

Under Attorney-General Harmon's decision, sustaining the former action of the Postoffice Department, Postmaster-General Wilson is pushing the fight against the bond investment companies operating lotteryschemes Telegraphic instructions have been sent since by him to secure the arrest of a number of officials of these concerns operating in the Southwest. The mails also will be barred against the officers of the company.

AGAIN ATTACKED.

Students Show Hostility to the United States.

MOB VIOLENCE DISPLAYED.

Stones Were Thrown and Windows Broken by the Crowd—Probable Effect of the Outbreak Upon the Cuban Resolutions in Congress.

The disorders which were prevalent in Spain when the news was first received of the action of the United States Senate on the Cuban question broke out afresh at Valencia and there were renewed demonstrations of hostility to the United States. The mob made its way to the United States consulate, which was stoned and the windows of which were smashed by the infuriated populace.

The university has been closed under orders from the government, as it was feared the students' meetings would be a hot-bed for breeding disorders. But this measure proved unavailing and the police were kept busy dispersing students' gatherings. The mob gathered before the building before the police were aware of what was occurring, and stones began to fly from the crowd with the result that windows were broken.

The crowd were cheered on by sympathizers in the streets and from the neighboring houses. The police lost no time in charging the rioters and the mob was speedily dispersed, the missiles being flung almost while those who threw them were taking flight.

Washington, D. C.—The late hour at which the reports of disorders in Valencia were received made it impossible to learn whether any official information had been received in regard to the trouble. The attack will no doubt create renewed indignation in congressional circles and may have the effect of hastening action on the Cuban resolutions when the conference report is taken up in the Senate.

In this, as in the case of the attacks on the consulate at Barcelona, the Spanish government, it is quite likely, will promptly express to the United States its regrets for the occurrence and make a complete disavowal of it.

Princeton, N. J.—The under-graduates of Princeton burned in effigy the King of Spain in a demonstration in which several hundred took part. The flag of Spain was dragged through the main street and later was torn to pieces in the centre of the campus.

Madrid.—Numerous groups of students, armed with cudgels, took part in a "patriotic meeting" in Buenretiro Park. A strong force of police, mounted and on foot, dispersed them. The police are guarding the university, the veterinary college and the medical college.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

HOUSE.

Seventy-first Day.—The House spent the entire day in debating the amendment to the legislative appropriation bill to abolish the fee systems in the cases of United States district attorneys and marshals.

Seventy-second Day.—The House spent the entire day fixing the salaries of United States district attorneys in the amendment to the legislative appropriation bill to abolish the fee system. The law at present fixes the maximum salary from fees at $6,000. In only one case was the recommendation of judiciary committee departed from, the western district of Pennsylvania, where the salary recommended was increased from $3,500 to $4,000.

Seventy-Third Day.—The House wrangled for four hours over the salaries of United States marshals and the other features of the amendment to the legislation appropriation bill to abolish the fee system in the cases of United States attorneys and marshals. Interest in the debate was completely overshadowed by a sensational personal attack made upon President Cleveland by Mr. Hartman, of Montana, who felt himself personally aggrieved by Mr. Cleveland's utterances at the Presbyterian Home Mission meeting in New York, and who termed Mr. Cleveland's remarks "an unfounded slander" and a "gross impropriety," and insinuated that his purpose was to create a sentiment against the admission of the Territories because they differed with him on the money question.

SENATE.

Seventy-first Day.—The Senate gave most of the day to the agricultural appropriation bill and passed the measure, carrying $3,262,000, without material amendment. Another bill passed during the day changes the limitations of fourth-class mail matter so as to free the postal service from bulky articles heretofore sent free by the government departments.

Seventy-second Day.—The Senate took up the contest over the seat claimed by Henry A. Dupont, of Delaware. The question turns on the right of William T. Watson to vote. He had been duly elected a State Senator, and was thereafter chosen Speaker of the Senate. On the death of Governor Marvel the Speaker of the Senate, Mr. Watson, succeeded as Governor, and thereby, it is claimed, forfeited his right as State Senator and to vote for a United States Senator. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections opened the argument in behalf of Dupont.

Seventy-Third Day.—At the conclusion of Mr Mitchell's elaborate argument in the Senate on the Dupont case Mr. Sherman presented the report of the conferees on the Cuban resolutions and asked for immediate action. Representatives Hitt and Adams, two of the House conferees, were present at the time, as it was expected that the report would be adopted, but Mr. Hale, of Maine, suggested that it was undesirable to crowd through a resolution of this magnitude at a late hour and with an empty Senate. Mr. Chandler, who has before been heard on Cuba, declared himself not only in favor of recognizing, but of maintaining the independence of Cuba, even if it resulted in war with Spain. Mr. Hawley expressed sympathy with the public feeling against Spain, yet he feared it would involve in war not only with Spain, but other European countries. Mr. Sherman concluded to let the subject go over.

THE PRESIDENT'S PURCHASE.

He Buys a Ducking Ground on the Potomac Below Washington.

President Cleveland, it is said, has practically closed negotiations for the purchase of a duck shooting ground on the Potomac River, in Stafford county, Va., about forty miles from Washington. The place is owned by New Yorkers, has a water frontage of about a mile, and is fitted up with blinds. It is said many improvements will be made.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

I care not how, in reckless rout,
The rude winds blow the leaves about;
Nor how, in summer vales serene,
They toss the white above the green!
I have here, where no cold winds be,
A kindly cot that covereth me,
And one whose smile can cheer and
charm,
In the strong circle of mine arm;
Vain is the winter's icy dart;
While her dear love doth warm my
heart!

Within the lights and shadows shed
On sweet, wee forms tucked up in bed;
Hath glory such alluring gleams
As children smiling in their dreams?
Oh, world of waste and wintry snow,
Give me but this—my fireside's glow,
A corner in the storm and strife
With love of wee ones and of wife,
And I shall yield all other art
For just that love that warms my
heart! —Atlanta Constitution.

"TIMID SIMS."

"Timid Sims," as he was called, was held in very inferior repute among the boys down at Texas Bar, because he had backed down before a six-shooter. A man on Texas Bar might be lacking in many qualities, but if he had "sand" it covered a multitude of sins.

Sims had one merit. He was an indefatigable prospector, and at last struck gravel diggings on Bixel's Flat. Had he been "smart" he might have monopolized the entire lead. He contented himself with a modest slice at one end. Then down came the ablebodied cutting and shooting men of Texas Bar. Jim Freemantle had worked a bank claim facing the flat two years previously, without suspecting the diggings which existed an eighth of a mile back. No matter. On the plea of possessing a prior claim on Bixel's, he and his compeers argued that they had the right of "running the first boundary lines." Sims had already run his own, which included, so far as he could judge by external indications, a fair slice of the lead supposed to exist underneath. This Freemantle & Co. coveted. So they ran their lines, which clashed with those of Sims. Sims found Freemantle's notices posted in the heart of his claim. He expostulated with him. He renewed his own notices, which had been torn down. These were again snatched off, and his boundary stakes kicked over. This was accompanied by a threat from the proprietors of the "Conquerer" claim, that "any more of that sort of thing would lead to bullets." So Sims "took water," and was obliged to take up with the fragment of the ground he had discovered.

Wang Chu kept a "China store" a little above Bixel's Flat. Wang Chu dealt principally in gin, salt-fish, tea and opium. In his leisure hours he had constructed a boat for transporting parties of his countrymen, who, from time to time in their migrations about the country in their search of diggings, might desire to cross the river. It was built after the Chinese style of marine anchitecture. It was cumbrous, heavy, lop-sided and unmanageable in the most quiet waters. One aim in its construction had been to use as much old timber as possible. When Wang Chu had finished "The Ark" as the miners termed it, he painted two great eyes in the bows. Thereby he had deemed he had made it a rational, living, seeing creature. When it was first set afloat, there was a dedicatory burning of crackers, joss-sticks, other pow-wowing, and an increased consumption by Wang Chu and his contemporaries of opium. After this the ill-starred and ungainly craft floated in a little bight of the river. Its passage over the Stanislaus at the lowest stage of water was accomplished with a vast amount of loud outcries and gabbling on the part of Wang Chu and his crew, who mingled their frantic paddling, when in the heaviest current mid-stream, with an incessant vociferation of contradictory orders to each other. The result was generally a lodgment of "The Ark" a quarter of a mile below its starting point on the opposite side, and a suspension of all Wang Chu's other business until it was towed by hand against the current back again.

All the white men on the river were agreed on one point, that the "Ark" would drown somebody ere its mission was ended. On this being told Wang Chu, as an additional precaution, he painted another eye in the stern, burnt more joss-sticks, and terminated the ceremonies with another outpouring of gin and opium.

In the summer time a California mountain river is an attenuated feeble stream, that one may ford at every few hundred yards. But when swollen by the long-continued rains of winter or the melting snows of the Sierras in the spring, its peaceful character vanishes; it becomes a turbulent, roaring, treacherous monster. The banks quiver and tremble as the immense power whirls and foams past, and your voice is caught from your lips and hurled into indistinctness.

The Stanislaus was "booming" one spring afternoon at its highest watermark, when five Chinamen, encumbered with their bundles, rockers, pans and shovels, came stringing down the trail. They stopped and refreshed themselves for a time at the store, and then, accompanied by Wang Chu, placed themselves and baggage in the boat to be ferried over.

A quarter of a mile below their starting place was the Black Rock, a gigantic boulder, which for centuries had pitted itself against the stream. It was not more than one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, and the Stanislaus at this point was not more than double that distance in width. Here the waters, suddenly narrowed to this compass betwixt rocky walls, rushed rather in a succession of great waves or bursts than a regular current. This, in fact, was the upper entrance of the Big Canon, two miles in length, and by reason of the rock walls and raging current, no mining could ever be successfully accomplished here at the most favorable season. Directly opposite the Black Rock, on a little knoll, was the cabin of Timid Sims. He, in company with a chance partner, was working on the bank near by.

Sims was always picking up the waifs, stragglers and castaways drifting about the country. His house and scanty larder were ever open to them. He took them as partners, and trusted them as freely as though they had come burdened with trunks full of indorsements and testimonials of good character. Sometimes they robbed him; sometimes they got drunk and made his house a pandemonium; sometimes they effected the same result without the aid of whisky, by gradually developing sour, surly, ferocious dispositions. The best of the lot carried the gross result in gold dust of a week's washing to Columbia for the purpose of turning it into coin, and after many days' waiting therefor, Sims received a letter from the delinquent, stating that he was overwhelmed with shame and remorse, but he had given way to his besetting sin for gambling, and the dust had all gone into the maw of the "tiger." He had not proved an able workman either. His hands seemed never before to have grasped pick and shovel; and after a morning's gasping labor, Sims would often insist that he should remain at home during the afternoon and make himself comfortable, for it was a sore distress to see a man panting and struggling with work to which it was very clear he was unaccustomed.

"You'll get your throat cut one of these nights by some of these chaps you're always picking up," was the rough and condescending advice of Jim Freemantle to Sims. Sims looked as if the idea was entirely new to him, but the next straggler coming along was readily taken in.

It was about eleven o'clock. Sims and his co-operative straggler had put through their last run of twenty-five buckets, and were "washing down" to see how it had yielded. The sieve and apron of the rocker were taken out. There was a great deal of black sand in the bottom of the apparatus. This Sims was running off by means of successive streams of water, poured from his long-handled dipper, aided by a peculiar rapid rocking of the machine. Slowly, at the upper end, the black sand deposit assumed the shape of a point, and near the apex, one after another, came out a little run of golden yellow flakes.

"Takes a good deal of dirt to make a little gold, doesn't it?" said the straggler. "When I was on the North Fork of the Yuba, in '51, I got six ounces once out of twenty-five buckets. Them was the times, though."

"There's about two bits here, I guess," said Sims. "Well, that's better than nothing, and we ain't beholden to any one for it either. It pays you just the same whether you're Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, Republican or Democrat. I say, Tom; if those Chinamen start to cross the river in that old boat of Wang Chu's, they'll drown."

The boat had started, and was gliding up an eddy in direct opposition to the course of the stream. For the immense mass of water rushing down and striking the rocks at the narrow entrance of the Big Canon, caused a portion nearest shore on either side to be sent directly back full three hundred yards. For this distance there were two smooth currents running up, between them, a foaming, surging current, rushing down. By taking advantage of these upward eddies a skillful boatman could land his craft on either side nearly opposite the point from which he had started.

Wang Chu and hsi passengers sailed smoothly along until the upper eddy being reached, the boat's head was turned into the mid current. Then it seemed as if seized by a monster. It was whirled around like a top, shot for a second on the top of a great surge, and shot down again out of sight and under. There was a momentary glimpse of the five men, paddling wildly and half rising from their seats; the next they were all gone. A hundred yards below, like a whale shooting out of the water to blow, came the boat, bottom up, from the depths, and clinging to it was Wang Chu. It was dashed against Black Rock and pressed under the current. Wang Chu sprang on the rock. The rest were never seen. Sims and the straggler gazed like men in a dream. There, before them, were still the rushing, roaring stream, the sun shining, the birds singing; all going on and having gone through it all as though nothing was happening or had happened, and, in five seconds, four human beings snatched from life to death!

But Wang Chu must be rescued. There was the poor, half-submerged creature on the rock, the ice-cold current at times dashing clear over him, and striving, as it were, to tear him from his hold; and between him and shore the merciless stream, which could as easily sweep away a thousand men as one.

There he remained until near night. Gradually the population of Texas Bar and Bixel's Flat accumulated on the spot. All measures to float him a line by which he might be hauled on shore proved abortive.

"I'll swim off and take a line to him," at last said Sims.

"No, don't go," said one among the crowd; "it's certain death!"

"I will!" said Sims.

"No, you won't—not if I can help it," said Jim Freemantle. "You're wrong to try it; and if you do, we're going to stop you. We've as good a right to stop a man from committing suicide as murder."

There was a murmur of assent from the bystanders. Sims turned away and walked toward his cabin. When again he emerged, it was with a cocked six-shooter in his hand. He came straight toward the group and spoke:

"You say you will stop me from swimming off to the Black Rock. I do not intend that you shall. You have succeeded in making my life thoroughly miserable on this flat by injustice, taunt and abuse, and now that there's a chance for getting rid of it you want to stop me. You see you have made a mistake. You've put me up for a man without any grit. Well, I'm going to show you that courage runs in streaks, and it takes different circumstances in different men to draw it out. I'm courageous enough now to own that I have backed down before some of your six-shooters, because I didn't think my life was worth you dirty little claim. But any of you would risk your lives in a dispute over a pack of cards, because you've got a fighting reputation to keep up at any cost, and you dare not live to be called coward by some hound who would pick your pockets had he a chance. Not one of you would dare go near Tom Wilson's cabin, when I nursed him through the small-pox. Not one of you dare go a prospecting as I did on the head waters of the Owen's River, and camp out for weeks alone, fifty miles from the nearest settlement. And I'm not afraid of the river, savage as it looks; for the roar of its waters, as I've listened to them many a long night in my cabin, has been a kinder voice than any of yours, and if I drown, I want the Stanislaus to bury me somewhere deep down in its channel, where your hands at least may never drag me out. Let me pass!"

They made way for him. His face was white, hard, firm and desperate. He walked with a proud step, like a king going to the scaffold. All the shrinking timidity, the baffled hesitation of former days, had disappeared. It was another man who passed through the crowd, another being who had, as it were, suddenly risen up and usurped the body of Timid Sims.

Jim Freemantle walked hastily a little ahead of the rest. "Look here, Sims," said he, with a more kindly intonation in his voice than ever he had used in speaking to him before; "look here—come back, boy—if you go in, you're only goin' to get drowned for a Chinaman—'tisn't worth it anyhow—and—we've made a mistake, and you're grit, that's all. Here, take my hand."

Sims took the proffered hand. It was but for a moment. He did not allow the grasp to detain him. "It's too late," said he. "I don't want your kind words now. I don't need them. I stand above you all, and I've known it this many a day. I'm going to prove to you that I don't fear death. If I should turn back you'd say in less than a week I'd been playing a game of bluff. I always knew I had grit enough in me. It only wanted your scorn and that poor creature's extremity to bring it out."

He walked for a few yards farther up the river bank, made one end of the string he carried fast to a stake, divested himself of his upper clothing, and holding the other end of the warp, plunged in. Down with race-horse speed he was borne like a feather! With one arm uplifted, as he was shooting past, he held out to the Chinaman the life-preserving line, which the poor creature eagerly grasped. Then Sims with his other hand grasped the extreme point of the bowlder as he was swept along the fierce current, and after a desperate struggle gained a footing on its uneven surface. Fastening the line around his waist, Sims took the half-dead Chinaman in his arms and jumped into the water. In a moment a dozen willing hands at the other end of the rope had pulled the two men through the raging water to land. As they were dragged out of the roaring current a mighty cheer arose, and from that hour no one ever spoke of "Timid Sims."

Queer Bridal Customs.

A singular marriage custom prevails among the French Canadians in Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church the bridal party, in caleche or cabriolet, make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day, and then return again to the church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table the bride keeps her seat, and some one asks with great dignity: "Why does madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies: "Some one has stolen my slipper; I cannot walk."

Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vendor of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size until at last he finds her missing shoe.

The groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not very watchful they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way; and they have been known to steal the bride, for which there must be liberal pay. The church forbids round dances. The event of the evening is a jig, in which the guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful, the visitor demands a prize from the groom.

B. & O. RECEIVERS.

Appointed on Motion of the Company's Attorneys.

MESSRS. COWEN & MURRAY

Named, President and Vice-President, Respectively of the Embarrassed Corporation.

Hugh L. Bond, general attorney of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, filed a petition before Judges Morris and Goff, Saturday evening at Baltimore, Md., for the appointment of receivers for the company, and the order was signed appointing President John K. Cowen and Vice-President Oscar G. Murray receivers to take charge of and operate the road.

The purpose of filing the petition before Judge Goff in conjunction with Judge Morris was to make the appointment cover the three States of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, Judge Goff's jurisdiction as a member of the circuit bench extending over these three States.

The immediate cause of the receivership was the inability of the company to raise the money necessary to pay the interest due March 2. This amounts to $401,000. Besides there is a large amount of car trust funds for which provision has to be made.

The application for the receivership was formally decided upon at a meeting of the Board of Directors in the afternoon presided over by President Cowen, special trains brought the New York members of the board and Mr. Bacon from New York and Mr. Peabody from Cincinnati. The meeting was held behind closed doors, and those who attended it refused to talk afterwards and gathered in further conference in President Cowen's private office.

The receivers qualified in the sum of $200,000 each.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the officials to keep the matter quiet until the last moment, it became generally known throughout the city early in the day that a receiver would be applied for, and later it became known that Judge Goff had been urgently appealed to to come to Baltimore. The papers had been already prepared when the directors met, and immediately upon the conclusion of the meeting Attorney Bond went to the United States Courthouse accompanied by Second Vice-President King and Director Bacon. Even here the greatest secrecy was maintained, and by order of the Court all newspaper men were excluded from the third floor of the courthouse.

Early in the day the rumor of the impending receivership went abroad, and telegrams from all parts of the country, inquiring as to the correctness of the reports, poured into every broker's office in Baltimore. The officials and directors of the company also were plied with questions. The answer was the same in every instance. "No receiver has been applied for."

GREAT BRITAIN'S CLAIMS.

Blue Book on Venezuelan Boundary Question Said to Be Conclusive.

The St. James Gazette has just published a summary of the British Blue Book upon the Venezuelan boundary dispute. It is said to contain extracts from the archives of Holland from the latter part of the sixteenth century to the second decade of the nineteenth century, and extracts from the archives of Spain from 1542 down to Venezuela's independence in 1830. Sir Frederick Pollock, corpus professor of jurisprudence of Oxford University, prepared the British case, which is described by the St. James Gazette as being remarkable for mastery of detail and skill in collating evidence, and for the clearness of the conclusions.

The Gazette says: "The statement shows the Dutch occupation of the coast of Guiana up to the mouth of the Orinoco, such possession implying the right of ownership to the Hinterland, (back country), which right, it is shown, the Dutch exercised in the sixteenth century. The early Dutch maps give the northwest boundary as starting from Barima Point and going northwestward inland, roughly parallel to the Orinoco, to the confluence of the Caroni and Orinoco. According to the map which de Lisle prepared for Louis XV in 1774, the delimitation of the district and the Dutch boundary from Barima Point is identical with the present British claims.

"Sir Frederick Pollock proves that the Spaniards were never established in Guiana proper until they overran a part of the British territory to the Cuputti, in 1858. He establishes beyond question that Holland vigorously protested whenever the Spaniards entered the Cuyuni Valley, that Spain had no answer to these protests, and that, anyway, she never claimed its ownership. But the States general twice, in 1759 and 1769, demanded reparation for Spanish violation of the Dutch territory on the Cuyuni.

"Dutch correspondence is cited asserting ownership of the entire watershed of the Essequibo, laying great stress upon rights to the Cuyuni, where the Dutch had gold diggings and forts, and with those Indian tribes they had intercourse for one hundred and fifty years.

"The Spanish correspondence quoted shows that the government rejected the advice of Governor Cumana to push the Dutch out of Cuyuni. The government declared that the proposals were too audacious, as they attempted to show that Guiana was more extensive than was actually the case.

"The Dutch archives have been so well kept that Sir Frederick Pollock was able to establish an irrefragable case for the British ownership of the Cuyuni basin, though there is no adducible evidence as to how far the Dutch held the country between the Schomburgk line and the Orinoco."

The losses of the Italians in their recent defeat in Abyssinia are said to have been 3,000 soldiers killed. The news caused great excitement in Rome, and the resignation of the ministry is expected.

The Spanish minister of foreign affairs, Senor Elduayen, resigned because of ill-health.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Stephen Salisbury, of Worcester, Mass., has given $200,000 with which to build a museum of fine arts in that city.

President Faure is said to be exceedingly simple in his habits. At home he lives in the most unpretentious style, and the other day he apologized for being late to a brilliant assemblage at his own house, giving as his excuse that so late at night the 'busses were crowded.

Wm. Bradford, a staunch Republican of Louisville, N. Y., said the other day: "My first vote was cast for 'Fremont and freedom,' and if anyone should ever think it worth while to write my obituary, what I most wish they would say is: "He voted for John C. Fremont and twice for Abraham Lincoln."

Arsene Houssaye, who recently died in France, enjoyed wit as much as the average French literary man. He became the warm friend of one Charles Mouslet, who, in coming to Paris unknown, wrote to Houssaye himself, saying all would go well if he could get a letter of introduction to Houssay. So Houssaye wrote a letter to himself, introducing Mouselet, and when Mouselet presented it enjoyed the joke immensely.

Mr. Sexton is one of the most interesting figures in the English House of Commons. He is a powerful debater and is possessed of remarkable resources in the lines of eloquence. He is a brilliant mathematician, and his ability to use statistics in a telling way is one of his most valuable qualities. In private conversation he is even more sparkling than in debate. He is wiry, epigrammatic and sympathetic. He is a great Shakespearean scholar.

Queen Margaret, of the Muna Islands in the South Pacific is dead. Of course this is of little importance outside her own small territory; but the event has an interest of its own. She was the granddaughter of Francis Young, an English sailor, who landed on the Island of Tau, fifty years ago, and married the Queen. In 1891, through the death of all the heirs apparent, Margaret was called upon to rule, when she was 19 years old. All her previous education was in the Catholic convent at Apia. She appears to have had a miserable time of it. Queen though she was, for the only person allowed to approach her was the grand chief of her guard of warriors, She was not allowed to walk beyond the limits of her residence, but had to be carried in a litter by her maids, and whenever she thus ventured forth her subjects were forbidden under pain of death to leave their homes.

BANK PRESIDENT MURDERED

John R. Jones, of Memphis, Tex., Shot by Lawyer W. M. Pardue in a Quarrel.

John R. Jones, President of the Memphis (Tex.) National Bank, was mortally wounded and his son Nat dangerously hurt in a shooting affray. The elder Jones died at 8 o'clock. The father and son left the bank to go to dinner. On the street they met W. M. Pardue, an attorney, and a man named Scarborough. There had been a feud of long-standing between Pardue and Jones and not ten words passed before the shooting began.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$	@	4 65
High Grade Extra			4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72½		73½
CORN—No. 2 White	34½		34¾
Oats—Southern & Penn	25½		26
RYE—No. 2	42		43
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 50		16 00
Good to Prime	15 00		15 50
STRAW—Rye in car ids	13 50		14 00
Wheat Blocks	6 50		7 00
Oat Blocks	7 00		7 50
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$	@	70
No. 2			55
PEAS—Standards	1 00		1 10
Seconds			85
CORN—Dry Pack			80
Moist			60
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	$	7½@	8
City Cows		6¾	7
Southern No. 2		7½	8
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	$	30 @	35
ONIONS		20	40
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls.	$	7 @	7½
Clear ribsides		7	7¾
Hams		10½	11
Mess Pork, per bar			12 00
LARD—Crude			5
Best refined			7
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$	22 @	23
Under Fine		21	22
Creamery Rolls		20	21
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	$	11 @	11½
N. Y. Flats		11½	11¾
Skim Cheese		6	7½
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	$	11½@	12
North Carolina		10	11
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	$	11 @	12
Ducks, per lb		12	13
Turkeys, per lb		13	14
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$	1 50 @	2 50
Sound common		3 00	4 00
Middling		6 00	7 00
Fancy		10 00	12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	$	4 50 @	4 75
SHEEP		2 00	3 50
Hogs		4 50	4 75
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	$	10 @	11
Raccoon		40	45
Red Fox		—	1 00
Skunk Black		—	30
Opossum		22	23
Mink		—	80
Otter		—	4 00

NEW YORK

FLOUR—Southern	$	3 10 @	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		77¼	76¾
RYE—Western		48	49
CORN—No. 2		37	38⅛
OATS—No. 3		26½	27⅛
BUTTER—State		9	20
EGGS—State		12	12½
CHEESE—State		6	10¾

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$	3 60 @	2 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red		73¼	74
CORN—No. 2		34⅜	35
OATS—No. 2		27	27½
BUTTER—State		21½	22
EGGS—Penna. ft		12	12¼

Warm Milk Not Affected by Odors.

My experience has been that milk is never affected by bad odors while throwing off steam in cooling. It is after cooling that odors from the stable are absorbed. Cabbage, turnips or onions fed to cows directly after milking will not affect the milk.

"Beverly, did you make that match between Jack and Kitty?" "Not much; I never encourage young people to marry; they always expect me to give them a present."—Chicago Record.

Why Not.

It is said that if we take care of little things, the big things will take care of themselves. But why can't we be always prepared for many of our little troubles. What's the use of suffering days and weeks, when in ten minutes we can get rid of the pain. A sudden attack of backache, toothache, or neuralgic headache, finds the most of us without anything at hand, while St. Jacob's Oil would cure and put an end to the trouble promptly.

Arguing with a fool shows that there are two.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

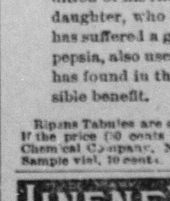
Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS,



CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $3, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

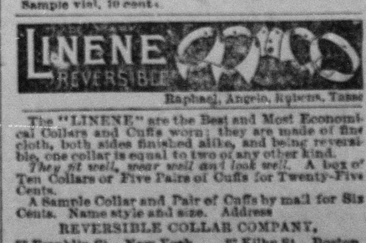
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 25 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. John J. Barry lives at 104 Concord st., Brooklyn, N. Y., is 65 years old. He used to be a freight clerk, but for eleven years has done no work, mainly on account of rheumatism. He has always been troubled a good deal with constipation, but a few months since, his attention having been directed to Ripans Tabules, he commenced a course of treatment with them, using them according to directions. As a result the trouble from constipation is overcome and there is a positive improvement to be noted in the condition of his rheumatic joints. His daughter, who lives with him and has suffered a good deal from dyspepsia, also uses the Tabules and has found in them the greatest possible benefit.

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists or by mail if the price (60 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

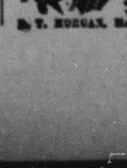


The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They sit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,

77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.



$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Mar. 5

THE NEW RACKET

No. 9-11 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

NEW DRESS GOODS

Our selections for Spring of 1896 are now ready for your inspection. Among them are specialties not to be found elsewhere nearer than Williamsport and Altoona. The attention of ladies is asked to the following new weaves of American Manufacture, and your patriotism will give them first consideration. "Wheelwear," "Basra Cloth," "Sigilla," "Mohair Cheviots" and "Cheviotine." They combine the height of good taste, use, and beauty. Imported Goods, for which our order was placed in November 1895, embrace Silk and Wool Plaids made in Germany; Jacquards and Novelty Suitings from France.

Buttons and Trimmings to match.

THE SILK DEPARTMENT

Dreams of beauty in Printed Warps, Taffetta, Corded Kaika, India and Shantongs.

North Window—Mens Seamless ½ Hose, Fast Black, Tans and Natural. Price card says Five Cents a Foot and when a man ordered a rod of 'em it nearly took our breath but he got 'em all the same.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

THE WOODWARD MURDER!

The terrible tragedy at Woodward has caused intense excitement. When that subsides the people will have time to turn their attention to other matters again, notably amongst others will be the

INSPECTION

Of our new goods which

ARRIVED THIS WEEK

Everything new, all the latest styles of Dress Goods, Embroideries, White Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, Men's Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ginghams, Calicos, Muslins, Shirtings,

LACE CURTAINS, DIMITIES,

Percals, Dress Linings, etc. The prices are remarkably low for the quality of goods. It will pay you to stop here.

W. T. MEYER,

Bush Arcade.
Two doors from postoffice. **Bellefonte.**

PERSONAL MENTION.

Coming and Going.—Visitors in and out of Town.

——D. J. Meyer and wife were on a few days' visit to Rebersburg, returning Monday.

——John Shoop, one of Gregg township's most useful citizens, was a welcome caller at these headquarters.

——Our esteemed patron, George Durst, was a caller, and took pleasure in keeping his Cr. on the bright side.

——H. B. Herring, one of Penn Halls leading citizens, gave our sanctum a call and put his label out into the roll of honor.

——J. C. Armbruster called in and we learned of him he was about to flit from Tusseyville to a farm near Clintondale.

——Mr. Smith, one of the Spring Mills furniture dealers, gave us a call, and is happy over doing a rushing business down there.

——Mrs. Sarah Tressler, nee Arnold, was a caller to advertise the Arnold home near Centre Hill, for rent, intending to move to Linden Hall, and can not do without the Reporter.

——Geo. Ocker, one of our worthy citizens, informs us that after March 16, he will step into the grain and coal business, now run by D. B. Brisbin, and will be pleased to have the patronage of the public.

Home for Rent.

A pleasant and desirable home, 1 mile east of Centre Hill; 32 acres land, mostly clear, with all kinds of fruit; 2-story dwelling and other buildings; known as the Arnold homestead, is for rent; possession given April 1st, for money rent. Apply to

MRS. SARAH TRESSLER,

mar12-3t

At Sheriff Sale Prices.

All goods formerly in the Philadelphia Branch store, clothing to suit men and boys of all ages and sizes, at sacrifice prices, a big supply and must be sold. Now for real bargains.

SUDDEN DEATH.

A Young Lady, Vernie Neese, Dies Suddenly near Rebersburg.

Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." Miss Vernie Neese, aged 19 y'rs, 2m. and 8 days, robust and in the bloom of life, died suddenly, on Monday morning, at her home one mile west of Rebersburg, where she and her widowed mother, Catherine Neese, nee Harter, made their home. She was a daughter of Wm. Neese, dec'd, of near Penn Hall, who died about 8 years ago.

On Thursday afternoon, last, the writer met the young lady at Coburn, she had brought her mother to that station to board the train for Bellefonte. From her arrival home until Monday morning, Verna was in her usual health. On Monday morning a help in the house called the young lady who was still in bed. She replied she did not feel very well. The person who called her then went down stairs, and returning a few minutes later, was astounded to find her dead in bed.

An examination of physicians pronounced it a case of heart failure.

Funeral on this, Thursday, morning, at Rebersburg.

Head Bored by a Bullet.

Frank Mercer, aged about 50 years, of Laurelton, Union County, committed suicide on Friday at Williamsport, by shooting himself through the head. He wandered along the river bank and entered a clump of willows, where he placed the revolver to his head, and fired. He became conscious after arriving at the hospital, although the probe showed a hole clear through the head. The physicians said his recovwas impossible, and he died a few days later.

Candidate for Co. Superintendent.

The candidacy of Prof. Ed. J. Wolf, for County Superintendent of schools, is announced, and he has entered the field with a good record back of him. The Prof. is principal of our schools and is serving his second term to the satisfaction of all. He is a graduate of Gettysburg College, and a graduate of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary. He is a young man of more than ordinary ability, and would creditably fill the position to which he aspires.

Sociable This Evening.

This, Thursday evening, the C. E. Society will hold a sociable in the rooms over Harper & Kreamer's store, as a welcome to the new members and a farewell to those who intend leaving us. All persons interested in Endeavor work are cordially invited. Those under 14 years of age are expected to be there from 6.30 to 8 o'clock; the others to assemble at 8.

Not Big Enough.

The largest volume of vetoes ever printed in this state has just been issued by State Printer Busch. It contains the vetoes of Governor Hastings of bills passed by the last legislature which met his disapproval. General Hastings has disapproved more bills than any other governor in the history of the commonwealth. The total number of his vetoes is 128.

Caused by a Defective Flue.

Fire Thursday entirely destroyed the farmhouse and out-buildings of Charles Grove, about two miles from Mifflinburg. The fire, which was first discovered on the loft, was caused by a defective flue, and owing to a strong wind in a remarkably short time the whole house was ablaze. Part of the household goods were saved.

Goes Into the Grain Business.

On March 16, B. D. Brisbin will discontinue at the grain house at the station, and the business of grain and coal will in the future be continued by George Ocker. George hopes that the public will favor nim with a share of the patronage, and guarantees satisfaction to all customers who come to deal with the new firm.

Deep Wells.

Mr. Clemens, the well driller, has a $1000 contract to put down two wells at Valentine's ore banks up Buffalo run, each well to go down 500 feet. The holes will be six feet apart, one of them being down now about 250 feet.

GOOD FARM LAND FOR SALE.

A tract of 35 acres in excellent state of cultivation with fruit trees thereon, ¼ mile east of Centre Hall station, is offered for sale in any quantities to suit purchasers. Apply to Fred Kurtz, Centre Hall. tf.

Clothing at Sacrifice Prices.

A full supply of men's and boys' clothing at sacrifice prices, on account of sheriff's sale, at the old Philadelphia Branch. Never a chance like it for bargains in or out of Bellefonte, like at the old Lewins stand.

Rev. Rearick's Appointments.

On Sunday, 15, at St. Johns, at 10 a. m. At Cross Church, at 2 p. m. At Centre Hall, at 7 p. m.

It is not to be wondered at that Ayer's Pills are in such universal demand. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, or any other complaint needing a laxative, these pills are unsurpassed. They are sugar-coated, easy to take, and every dose is effective.

APPOINTMENTS MADE.

Charges Filled by the Different Ministers.—Conference Closed.

The Central Pennsylvania Conference of the United Evangelical church held in St. John's chapel, Newberry, closed Monday night. The following are the appointments for the Centre District:

A Stapleton, Presiding Elder.
Bellefonte, G. E. Zehner.
Bellefonte Circuit, C. W. Hipple.
Howard, J. R. Sechrist.
Nittany, E. W. Koontz.
Sugar Valley, C. F. Garrett.
Brush Valley, W. H. Stover.
Centre Hall, C. H. Goodling.
Spring Mills, C. J. Dubs.
Centre, J. J. Lohr.
Millmont, D. P. Schaeffer.
Buffalo, J. Shambach.
New Berlin, W. W. Rhoades.
Middleberg, J. H. Hertz.
McClure, L. Dice.
Port Treverton, W. C. Hoch.
Lewistown, George Joseph.
Patterson, J. D. Shorttiss.
Altoona, to be supplied.

Professor A. E. Gobble, President of Central Pennsylvania College and member of New Berlin Quarterly Conference.

P. F. Jarret and N. Doebler, members of Middleburg Quarterly Conference.

S. Smith, member of Buffalo Quarterly Conference.

How Two Sheriff's Would Do It.

The hustling Republican candidate for sheriff, Wm. Krape, of Spring Mills, while in the hotel here a few days ago, discussing the matter of how to proceed in an affair like that at Woodward last week, William was emphatic in declaring, "If I had been the sheriff, I would have gone right ahead and taken Ettlinger." Gosh, there's metal for you even if it is in the ore yet.

Then came another Republican candidate for sheriff, whose name we can't recall, and he was asked how he would do in such a case, if he were sheriff, and replied, "I guess I'd do just about as sheriff Condo did."

Spring Term of School.

Prof. D. M. Wolf, will open his Spring term of school at Spring Mills on Monday, April 13th next. He will be assisted by Mr. James M. Mullan, a student of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster. In addition to his other attainments, Mr. Mullan has the advantage of a full course at the Millersville State Normal School, with six years' successful experience in teaching, during three of which he was principal of High School.

Around the Valley.

Prof. P. H. Meyer, of Boalsburg, held six musical conventions this season, all being a success.

The Woodward hotel was sold to Celinda Hosterman for $1360.

Amelia Hoover died at Millheim, about 10 days ago.

John E. Rishel, of Farmer's Mills, has left for Kingston, Ill., where he has secured a good berth.

Kept snowing all day at a slow rate on Tuesday, amounting to about 1½ in. in depth.

Will Build.

W. W. Boob has a large lot of lumber on the ground for the purpose of erecting a big building on his lot. The building will be equipped throughout with eight or ten new machines for the manufacture of wheels.

Notify Us at Once.

Those of our patrons who will change their postoffice address this spring, should notify this office at once of such change, giving us the present address along with that of the old. It is highly important that the old be given.

Went to the Scene.

Sunday was cold and blustery, but that did not deter many from driving down to Woodward and take a peep at the wreckage and debris of the war of Thursday and Friday. People from all parts of the county were there.

Candidates for Congress.

Col. J. L. Spangler, of this county, and ex-congressman James Kerr, of Clearfield, are said to be candidates for the Democratic nomination for congress in this district.

Date of Convention.

THE Democratic county convention will meet June 16. The Republican convention will be held latter part of March to elect delegates to the state convention.

On the Sick List.

Alfred Krape and wife, of this place, are both quite ill from a severe attack of grip.

Reuben Hartman, of Millheim, has been ill for several months, and lately has been quite low.

While no physician or pharmacist can conscientiously warrant a cure, the J. C. Ayer Co. guarantee the purity, strength, and medicinal virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It was the only blood-purifier admitted at the great World's Fair in Chicago, 1893.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

DEATH OF GEORGE GRAMLEY.

An Aged Resident Expires on Tuesday at Rebersburg.

Last Tuesday afternoon the death of Mr. George Gramley occurred at his home at Rebersburg, after an illness of several months, at the age of 83 years, 5 months, and 8 days.

Mr. Gramley had been in feeble health for over a year, and the greater part of that time was confined to his bed. On Monday, about forty-eight hours before his death, he was stricken with paralysis, and his family soon realized that the end was near. He lingered until Tuesday when death set in.

He was a prominent citizen of Rebersburg, and leaves a widow and seven surviving children. They are, Jasper, living in Clinton county; Aaron, in Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. Holloway, in Wisconsin; Mrs. Stitzer and Mrs. Brumgard, at Rebersburg, and Mrs. D. F. Luse, of Centre Hall.

The funeral will be held on Saturday morning. He was a member of the Lutheran church, and the interment will be made in the Lutheran cemetery at Rebersburg.

What's In a Name.

For some time there has been agitation for the incorporation of the village at State Collage, and the same will be consumated in a short time says the Centre *Democrat*. Of late, a controversy arose in that peaceful community in regard to changing the name, and necesssarily the post office name. The faculty and attachees of the college favored the adoption of the name "University Heights," or any other suitable name containing the world "University." To this there was considerable objection among villagers. They did not want a change. Once known as "Farm School," then Agricultural College," and now "Penna State College', should be enough variety for the present generation, and they opposed it.

On Saturday evening a public meeting was held to settle this momentous question. Speeches were made pro and con. The villagers proceeded to the meeting wearing badges and a large banner protesting to the proposed innovation. Long petitions were read for the more cosmopolitan title. Members of the faculty indulged in pursuasive arguments and fights of oratory upon the advantage of being known as "University Heights." As there is an end to all things, the conclusion was reached only by submitting the matter to a vote and the villagers came out ahead by a small majority of but four, and the new borough, in all probability, will be known as heretofore "Penna State College." In this case there was enough in a name to cause a lively tilt among neighbors.

Foster's Weather Predictions.

My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from Feb. 29 to March 4, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about March 5, cross west of Rockies country by the close of the 6th, great central valleys on 7th to 9th and the eastern states on the 10th. The warm wave will cross the west of the Rockies country about March 5, great central valleys on the 7th and the eastern states on the 9th. A cold wave will cross west of Rockies country about March 8, great central valleys on 10th and the eastern states on 12th.

Third disturbance of March will be of unusual force and importance and will probably cause tornadoes in some of the southern states. This disturbance will reach Pacific coast about the 12th, cross the west of Rockies country by the close of the 13th, the great central valleys 14th to the 16th and the eastern states on the 17th. This storm including the low and its counterpart, high, will take a southern route and in some of the southern states serious results from killing frosts are probable.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich, we are permitted to make this extract: I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding la grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Is Earned.

We sincerely hope Hon. Fred Kurtz, editor of the CENTRE HALL REPORTER, will get to be county treasurer, if he is a Democrat.. Any man who has spent as many years in the treadmill of a county newspaper office as Mr. Kurtz, deserves to be president.—Philipsburg *Ledger*.

Sheriff Sale of Clothing.

A full line of all kinds of ready-made clothing, for men and boys, must be sold at once, on account of sheriff's sale, at the Philadelphia Branch, Bellefonte. Hurry up, if you want a bargain.

SOLD GOOD.

A Car Load of Horses Brought Good Prices on Friday.

Last Friday a horse dealer by name of Long, brought a car load of horses from Iowa, and sold them at Bartges' hotel. For some time horses apparently seemed a drug on the market, and there were few sold that touched the hundred mark. The sale was well attended from all parts of the county, and the dealer had every one of the seventeen horses sold when the sale was over. One team brought $250, and another $220. The lowest price paid was $47. The dealer was well pleased, and said it was the best sale he ever had.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed in the spring, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. Only 50 cents per bottle at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Not to be Trifled With.

(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a "cold" is an accident to be dreaded, and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are today countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurrence gave no concern, and were therefore neglected.—When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by W. A. Pealer, Spring Mills, S. M. Swartz, Tusseyville, and R. E. Bartholomew, Centre Hall.

For the Dull Season.

To fill in a Dull Season with Big Cash Values—Suits made to order, 15.00, $18.00, and $20.00. Pantaloons, $5.00. Come early.

MONTGOMERY & Co.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

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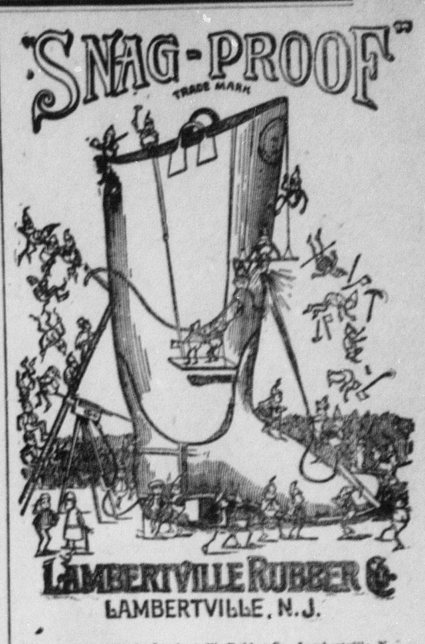

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